

MACLEAN'S



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Don't believe the hype.
BY JONATHAN DURBIN

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THERE HE GOES AGAIN

Like his party, Joe Clark thrived on adversity, but did less well with success

AN OLD FRIEND who's a longstanding member of the federal Progressive Conservatives (there are still a few people around who fit this description) defines the difference between his party and the Liberals this way: "Times go along well with each other at all the time—until elections, when we fall apart. Liberals fight each other all the time—until elections, when they pull together." Too true—and it neatly explains why two parties so similar at their middle-of-the-road public-way so much in their electoral track records. Liberals may not like each other, but they like the prospect of losing power even less to whoever decisive times comes, they pass on warm smiles, wipe whatever idiosyncrasies are common to other parties' programs, and do whatever else it takes to win. There's, on the other hand, up and down elections with a curious, misplaced complementarity—confidence in him that voters will recognize their innate goodness, and their baffled when that doesn't happen.

Which is why, for better and worse, Joe Clark perfectly mirrored as so many ways the soul of the party that he evolved. Clark was usually at his best when times were toughest, both for him on a personal level and for his party (thank him for occasionally in 1980 election loss to Pierre Trudeau, and his going back to British Columbia in the 1983 leadership race). In the wake of such setbacks, his self-deprecating sense of humor shone through, and his doggedness and resilience seemed especially commendable. Maloney should've taken seriously when he insists, as he did last week, that there was never tension between him and Clark—but he's sincere and sincere in praising Clark's performance as foreign affairs minister.

In his job, which he performed superbly, Clark showed a surety of judgment and a sense of real presence in his personality, qualities he too often lacked as leader. If he remembered writing with him once in the early 1990s when he had a 45 minute whip-around summary of international events that was as exciting a gift to depth of knowledge and

quality of analysis. On key files such as the struggle to end apartheid in South Africa and relations with a daunting Soviet Union, he was so effective that Canada punched well above its weight in terms of diplomatic influence.

But the flip side was that Clark, goodness in times of adversity, could be stunningly realistic and doubtful at other times. He always behaved as if he understood the most about the secrets of Quebecers than Pierre Trudeau and Jean Charest—in a sweeping perspective entirely unshared by any evidence. Despite a long stay, until this point, mutually respectful relationship between Clark and Charest, Clark regarded as unshared Charest's personal integrity in the so-called Shalenski affair in a manner that was both ugly and unfair. That was consistent with his fondness for over-muzzling debates and events, which that may have been unwitting compensation for his frequent portrayal in the media as a bumbling and endearing.

Last week, the media orbits on Clark's career focused, in general, on his achieve more than his failings. Among them, he can also take credit for keeping the Tories alive—something that hasn't always been a given over the last decade. Now, Clark will read the wisdom to understand that with a change of leaders, the party must also change, and he must accept such change quietly and graciously. Overall, history will be kind to Clark—but despite him as a supporting actor in major events, rather than second-string in the leadership he wanted so badly that seldom played for long. Indeed, again, he runs his party's lengthy history all too well.

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



50 TO WATCH

Former prime minister Brian Mulroney made it, as did media mogul Ted Rogers. It's on the résumé of *Seed* magazine founder and publisher Adam Bly, along with those of Governor General's Award-winning novelist Nino Ricci, boxer Don Weppler and golfer Lorie Kane. All have been identified as Young Canadians to Watch in past issues of *Maclean's*.

The distinction is reserved for Canadians under the age of 30 who, while already doing remarkable things in their chosen fields, have received relatively little national recognition, says Associate Editor Sue Ferguson (above).

Ferguson, who is overseeing the selection process for this year's list, says *Maclean's* wants to solicit the broadest possible representation, "from the arts as well as the fields of business, social justice, athletics and scientific research. And all nominees should have demonstrated some concern for the public good."

To that end, *Maclean's* is inviting readers to nominate candidates for the 2003 edition of 50 Young Canadians to Watch. And for the first time, you can submit your nomination on-line by visiting the *Maclean's* Web site. If you knew the next Avril Lavigne, Julie Payette or Daniel Gagné, this is your chance to bring their accomplishments to the attention of a national audience.

For Ferguson, who will compile the list in consultation with Editor Anthony Wilson Smith and Executive Editor Michael Kennedy, the highlight of the process is discovering the range of interests and talents shown by young Canadians. "It certainly contradicts the stereotype of apathetic youth," she says. "Young people across the country are doing some pretty amazing things, making big strides in everything from cancer research to show business."

You can also e-mail nominations with a brief summary of his or her qualifications by June 26 to 50@maclean.ca. Or in writing to *Maclean's*, One Mount Pleasant Rd., 11th floor, Toronto, Ont. M5V 2Y5, or by fax (416) 764-1332. And look for 50 Young Canadians to Watch in our Sept. 8 issue.

For further information about this article, contact: behindthescenes@maclean.ca. Visit www.macleans.ca to nominate candidates for the 2003 edition of 50 Young Canadians to Watch.



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man for the musicians of our orchestra, music director Geoffrey Moult and the audience. We are proud of our contribution to Canada's culture, but without the CBC to provide the national forum, only we would enjoy it.

Mr Poulin, Thursday, Oct.

I am a 29-year-old male with a post-secondary education and my letters range

from sports to literature to classical music and soon. But I cannot fathom how anyone can believe that talker (which Carole Taylor refers to twice in her interview) is worthwhile prime-time programming. I favour respecting and encouraging all interests and tastes, but who is Taylor kidding? How can we justify the expense of \$1.5 billion on the CBC based on the product? How can my network completely ignore viewers' wishes

when the audience is literally paying for the programs, whether they approve or not. Taylor must recognize the CBC has more critics than supporters, as is evident by its market share. The goal of the few never outweighs the good of the many.

Beryl Owsen, Kanan, Ont.

Speaking volumes

The photo of a Palestinian woman sitting disconsolately beside the bulldozed remains of her home ("Enough with the destruction—for the negotiations begin," *The Week*, May 26) speaks volumes about the devastating effects of the common Israeli government practice of destroying the homes of families of suspected suicide bombers. Surely the punishment of entire families for the residence of one family member is a violation of international law. If England, France or Germany were to follow such a barbarous practice, Canada would no doubt demand an end to it. Why is our national voice silent when Israel is the culprit?

Aaron White, Vancouver

Connatal bites

The overwrought flood of illogical arguments against same-sex marriage is astounding. Consider the assertion by Alden D. Winter of Petoskey, N.C., that "marriage has always been the bonding together of a man and a woman with the natural desire to reproduce." ("Love and marriage," *The Mail*, May 26). If that were, in fact, true, then society would be obliged to ban the infertile and the elderly from marrying. The only difference between a same-sex couple and an opposite-sex couple is the gender of one of the partners, as a result, banning same-sex couples from marrying is clearly discriminatory and in violation of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. For those whose religious sensibilities are offended by the concept, I have a solution. Permit civil marriages of same-sex couples, and continue to permit religious groups to decide for themselves whom they will marry within their own rites (as is done now by the Roman Catholic Church with respect to divorce, or by Judaism with respect to mixed-faith couples). These faiths that consider same-sex relationships to be sinful can refuse to consecrate them, but cannot impose that view on secular society.

Gerald M. Maschewski, Greater Phoenix, Ariz.

In his letter, Alden D. Winter makes the following statement: "If two people of the same gender are in a union, it is not to reproduce, but to form a partnership for sharing life. That is their choice. It should never be considered the same as a marriage." As a married woman who has chosen not to have children, I must vehemently disagree with this statement. Marriage is not a union for the sole purpose of reproducing, regardless of your sexual orientation. Just because I have chosen not to have children does not automatically disqualify me from getting married to the man I love. Marriage is a partnership for sharing life with my partner. To think any other way is both selfish and narrow-minded.

Theresa Gable, Georgetown, Ont.

A thousand words

Peter Marsbridge raised a number of issues in "The Times a-wasting" (Marsbridge on the Record, May 26). However, his closing statement—"Pretence don't lie"—should not go unchallenged. While it is true that we still cling to the idea of a photograph rep-



Who is CBC chair Carole Taylor kidding?

resenting something of the truth (as a grandmother, you must believe in something), the predominant contemporary use of the photograph is as a tool of propaganda and public relations. This is, in fact, nothing new. Hippolyte Bayard explored this aspect of the medium in 1840 with his coquettishly surreal, but fake, self-portrait of a

drowned man. Today, the advent and spectacular speed of digital technology combined with modern sophistication makes quantifying the photographic image more pertinent than ever.

Robin Anderson, Guelph, Ont.

PETER MARSBRIDGE RESPONDS: Mr Anderson's points are well taken and thoughtful. Indeed, in the past year there has been at least one example of a photograph description, where a still picture did in fact lie. This was exposed in the media, but the example was in print, not on television.

Artistic perspective

Thanks for the broader coverage you are giving to the Visual Arts (Closing Notes, May 26). The piece "Good things come in small packages" about a Toronto indie pop, and "Corros on down to Whiskeytown" about the transformation of a historic Toronto distillery, made good reading, especially about a city plagued by problems not of its own making.

Stephen Hughes, Warton, Ont.

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MONSOON WAIT More than 140 people died in southern India as wheat wilted and temperatures hit the high 40s for nearly two weeks. Tin-roof shanties acted like ovens in some areas where a year-long drought has added to the problem. Monsoon rains have been later than usual.

WORLD

ROAD MAP Middle East peace talks got off to a cautiously optimistic start after Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said—for the first time—that Israel must end its “occupation” of West Bank territories. His Palestinian counterpart Mahmoud Abbas responded that Hamas militants will agree to a ceasefire as long as the international community’s “road map” for peace is being followed. To keep the momentum up, U.S. President George W. Bush was to meet first with Arab leaders this week in Egypt and then, a day later, with Sharon and Abbas in Jordan.

HAQ SITS U.S. soldiers were killed in Iraq last week and at least 24 others were wounded, most of them in sniper attacks and fire-fights with guerrilla fighters loyal to Saddam Hussein.

AI JASSERI The Arab all-news television channel, replaced CEO Mohamed Jasseri al-Ah, the man who had run it since its inception eight years ago. Britain’s *Sunday*

Times reported that three Iraqi intelligence agents had infiltrated the operation.

TRIPPLE Saudi and Moroccan authorities reported capturing 11 terrorists, including the alleged masterminds of the bomb attacks last month that killed 77. The Saudis have asked Canada’s help in tracking cell member Abdul Rahman Jaharah, 33, who once lived in St. Catharines, Ont.

AIR CRASHES Forty-two Spanish peacekeepers, returning from Afghanistan, were killed when their Ukrainian-made plane crashed in dense fog in northern Turkey. Canadian pilot Capt. Kevin Naumetz, a 38-year-old father of three, died when his CF 18 went out of control during war-games exercises near Cold Lake, Alta.

BLAM One of Iran’s most senior clerics issued an edict ordering judges to no longer impose execution by stoning.

A Muslim woman has taken Florida authorities to court because they’re refusing her

in driver’s permit unless she removes her face-covering hijab for the license photo.

The commander of Turkey’s army has warned the government not to reinstate officers fired for their beliefs.

ABUSE Britain is proposing a wife-beating registry, similar to that for sexual offenders, to contain the names of anyone jailed for six months for domestic violence.

Louis E. Miller, 72, a retired Catholic priest at the center of a sex scandal in Kentucky, was sentenced to 20 years in prison for abusing 21 children over a long period.

AMNIN The country’s four largest banks reported a combined loss of 3.6 trillion yen (about \$42.5 billion) for the last fiscal year, an unhappy sign that Japan’s long-pursuing bad loan crisis is far from over.

SCIENCE German scientists, part of an international team, believe they have sent photos of road on Mars, part of a massive crash. That would be the first confirmation of actual

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water, not just ice, on the real planet.

Researchers in Idaho and Utah have cloned a mink, demonstrating that even sterile animals can have offspring and sending a chill through the sporting community at the prospect of cloned racehorses.

CANADA

MAD COW Food inspectors singled out more than 1,000 cattle for slaughter and quarantined 17 farmers. Alberta, B.C., and Saskatchewan, but so far there has only been the one confirmed case of mad cow disease. International bans are costing exporters \$1.1 million a day and creating national tensions, with Ontario, Quebec and P.E.I. asking Ottawa to consider confining the beef ban to the West. Angry Western politicians said this is a Canadian, not a regional, problem.

AIR CANADA Despite winning over \$600 million in compensation from most of its unions, Air Canada scoured on outright collapse when its 3,100 pilots balked at proposed job and pay cuts. In bankruptcy protection, the airline is still losing \$5 million a day. The SARS scare cost Air Canada \$125 million in April alone.

SARS About 200 taxpayers will be receiving letters shortly alerting them to the fact that social insurance numbers and other government identifiers have been stolen, apparently by a Canada Customs employee with connections to a crime organization.

BY MICHAEL DE BODER



DRESS CODE Ontario actress Irene Celeste, 36, models someone's idea of Canada's "national costume" in the run-up to the Miss Universe pageant in Panama City. The three metre wide outfit is supposed to represent the penny.

AMERICAN With the approval of Vancouver's Archbishop Michael Leighton, an Anglican priest has blessed a same-sex union, using special rite. It came the day after Anglican archbishops, at an international gathering in Brazil, unanimously rejected the idea of performing gay marriages. The Vancouver approach is not a marriage ceremony, but

church head Rowan Williams, the archbishop of Canterbury, said he was still "hastened" by its use.

LAWSUIT A group of 25 psychologists is suing the Canadian military for \$60 million because of psychological stress suffered while on duty. The lawsuit says Ottawa does not offer enough counselling for depression and trauma.

TRADE In a preliminary ruling, the World Trade Organization said Canada's softwood lumber royalties are not an unfair subsidy to U.S. lumber interests have claimed.

POLITICS After a nearly three month silence, Jean Charest called George W. Bush to talk business and schedule Canada-U.S. elections. The Prime Minister then told reporters at trading the G-8 summit in France that Bush's threatened tax cut plan is bad economics that will create too much debt and hurt other economies, advice that was not well received in the White House.

Ottawa also agreed to negotiate with the Americans about joining their controversial missile defence program, but said Canada would not participate if the plan amounted to putting weapons in space.

Faced with an unopposed re-election of SARS—and stubborn polls reveals that put them 15 points behind their opponents—Ottawa's governing Tories put off a much-anticipated election until at least the fall.

HEALTH

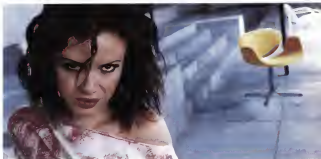
DISCOVERIES Instead, in some drug companies have suggested, of preventing Alzheimer's disease, hormone replacement therapy can double the risk of dementia in older women, according to a study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Earlier studies have said that HRT for postmenopausal women also raises the risk of breast cancer, heart disease and stroke.

Belgian researchers reported that children who swim regularly in public pools are more likely to suffer from asthma because chlorine irritates the linings of the lungs.

TRANSPLANT Five-year old Robbie Thorpe, son of Courtney, B.C., is out of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children after undergoing his second heart transplant in three years. He is already running around.

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Macbridge on the Record



THE 'REAL' IRAQ STORY

In the wake of the war's end, it's now rewritten and re-fought with rumours

SO WHAT really happened in Iraq? Those weapons of mass destruction have gone, in Washington's words, from a "certainty" to "they'll turn up soon" to "why do you keep asking that question?" So much—at least so far—for the much-battered reason for the war. And what about the plan for post-war Iraq? At least you can stop that the United States didn't wait long to send in a new civil administrator when it became clear that the looting was working better than the elections. Don't worry, says Washington, a new plan will be announced soon. Tell that to those Iraqis left beating each other from months of garbage left piled up on their streets. Ah, details, details.

Then there's that war stories. I remember the night the news came across the wires about Jessica Lynch, the U.S. army private "rescued" from her Iraq "captivity." We all agreed a real "American Idol" had just been crowned—the war's first hero, even though we're talking about a maintenance worker whose convoy misread maps, took a wrong turn, and there were other killed or captured after a quick firefight. In Canada, we would have had a year-long, multi-million-dollar royal commission studying the blunder; in the U.S., the players became national icons, and the mythic hero legend. Although, as investigative work conducted first by the *Toronto Star* and later by the BBC suggests, the "rescue" of *Pro Lynch* (who holds her service) was actually a ploy (from an Iraqi hospital from where officials had been trying unsuccessfully to turn her over to the Americans for days). But what kind of movie would that make? *Dave Madonna* would run down the page.

What brings me back to the question of what really happened in Iraq? Two months after Baghdad's fall, it's interesting to see some of the questions raised and stories discredited on the other side of the medal about how Saddam Hussein's regime crumbled so quickly. Questions—especially in the Arab press—

focus on how resistance seemed so strong in the south, but then crumbled so swiftly. When U.S. forces moved outside Baghdad, Iraq's most elite troops couldn't strip out of their uniforms fast enough. Most were prompt wild rumours and conspiracy theories, and this one has been no exception. The most intriguing comes from Iraq—a source, it should be noted, that loves to sow intrigue at others' expense. This story, which started with the Iranian news agency, *Tarbiat*, has been circulating for weeks. It involves a secret three-way deal between Baghdad, Moscow and—wait for it—Washington. The plan goes like this: Saddam and sons Uday and Qusay realized that nothing could stop the Americans, they called on their old ally Russia to work out a deal. In exchange for a plane ride out for the three of them plus their closest family members, there would be a quick surrender of arms when U.S. tanks arrived at the city limits. According to Baghdad, Moscow not only made it happen, the Russians then received US\$5 billion for their sage counsel.

Par delirious? Probably. It seems so difficult to imagine the U.S. cutting any deal that benefited Saddam—even though Donald Rumsfeld and others were openly bragging at the beginning of the war about how they were dealing with some of the Iraqi leader's henchmen. And there are reports in other Arab and European news agencies to the effect that the Americans, in the final days, negotiated secretly with high-level Iraqi officials to bring a fast end to the conflict. Who knows? A quick end to the war, among possibly thousands of lives, and Saddam joining other thugs and ex-dictators on exile now until he hears the real story, it's as good as any to believe. And this one would make a good movie. Maybe there could even be a contest for Jessica Lynch.

Peter MacBridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and anchor of the *National*. To comment: 1001@rednet.net.ca

Passages

DEED. Lord Shaughnessy—born William Graham Shaughnessy in Montreal—served with the Canadian Grenadier Guards during the Second World War. An associate with a Calgary oil company, Shaughnessy was sent to work in London in the early 1980s—and became active in the House of Lords. He was the only Canadian to give a speech at the British upper house during the 1982 debate over the protection of the Constitution. Shaughnessy, 84, died in London.

SHOWN. The Baltimore Orioles negotiated a five-year contract with 19-year-old left-handed pitcher *Adam Loewen* minutes before *Shane Bieber*, 18, native would have been sent back to the draft. The Orioles picked up Loewen in the first round of last year's draft, but until now the two parties weren't able to agree on financial terms.

ANNOUNCED. Come the fall of 2004, *Tina Miller* will be the new conductor of the *Vancouver Symphony*—making her the youngest person and only woman to lead a major Canadian orchestra. The 33-year-old from Pease Lake, Sask., is currently finishing up her contract as associate conductor of the *Vancouver Symphony Orchestra*.



DEED. National CBC Radio reporter *David McLaughlin* was known as Disaster Dave for his passionate coverage of human tragedies, including an award-winning series on *Dene* men who died of cancer after heading uranium for a mining operation. McLaughlin, 56, died of brain cancer in Montreal.

INTERVIEWED. *Denise Finlay*, a native of Port McMurray, Alta., tumbled a hapless on an Australian airline flight. He then gave fire and to a newspaper who had been an abled. A former Canadian soldier, Finlay, 30, was on his way to Tanzania.

EXPECTING. Former *Night* *Paul McClellan* and wife *Heather Miller* are expecting a baby later this year. It's the first child for Mills, 33, and the fifth for McClellan, 40.

CELEBRATED. Legendary canoe *Bob Hope* turned 100 on May 29.



Hockey | Leaving the rink

He had the size, the athletic ability and, more importantly, the untiring heart of a competitor. Witness that fateful night in the Montreal Forum in December 1995, when Patrick Roy was yanked from a match had gone—he'd let in seven goals against *Dallas*—too late to salvage his pride. Skating

to the bench he confronted *Canadiens* president *Bruno Gervais*. "It's my last game in Montreal," he said. And he was right. A few days later he was traded to Colorado, and a few months later the Avalanche was hoisting the Stanley Cup. A new hockey dynasty was born, and old one faded into uncertainty. Patrick Roy retired from the game last week at 37, a goaltender to the last. Arrangements

at times and accidents, he talked to his girlfriends and he walked away on his own terms, not content to be less than the best. His legacy is that he revolutionized goaltending with a big-man butterfly style (plus the *Canadiens* decided to drill out of him) and delivered when the money games were on the line. That he also made and broke dynasties doesn't always show up in the record book.

Statline

Born: Oct. 15, 1960, Oshawa City, Ontario City: Montreal, his last two: Montreal (1994-95)

Family: Wife, Michelle; children: Jacobson, 13, Frederick, 11, and Jada, 9

Regular season:
■ 552 games, 16,105 games over 10 seasons
■ Best was 2000-01, recording a 1.94 goals-against average and a career-high new shutouts

Playoffs:
■ 122 games, 16,105 games over 10 seasons, 13 shutouts

Awards:
■ Vezina Trophy (the NHL's top goaltender) 1995, 1998 and 2002
■ Conn Smythe Trophy (playoff MVP) 1995
■ All-Star Game (1995, 1998, 2000, 2001, 2002)
■ 20-year-old rookie with Montreal last season
■ Four Stanley Cups: two each with Montreal and Colorado
■ Ten all-star appearances
■ First goalie to log 50 100 minutes between the pipes



Roy, the goalie, became a legend in his time

THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE BAD NEWS

SARS, West Nile, Mad Cow—yes, it's tough out there, but we're making progress. By JONATHAN GATEHOUSE



WE LAUGHED AT THE TIME. "When we go to Toronto, don't touch anything," the woman behind us in line at the St. John's airport acknowledged her husband. "And if you do, remember, I've got plenty of hand sanitizer in my purse." Even in the middle of the first SARS outbreak—it was Easter weekend—the women's concern seemed overblown. People in the country's largest city were still taking mass transit, eating in restaurants and going to the movies. The only surgical masks my wife and I had seen were being worn by fearful-looking passengers as we left Pearson to travel to our friends' wedding in Newfoundland. Life, unless you worked in a hospital, remained outwardly normal.

To be honest, though, most Torontonians were experiencing a similar sense of dread, even if we were loathe to admit it. Anyone inhaling odd symptoms was instantly quarantined in an empty doctor's office or a unit by themselves on the subway. Italian crickets were way more popular than Chinese ones. And there was something off-putting about how public officials reacted to the World Health Organization's travel advisory, appointing worn and blame-like a drunk confronted over his alcohol consumption.

On all levels—especially our whining past—the greyed-out daylight at heightened vigilance—we didn't protest too much. Such inroads are getting harder to come by. Now, after the briefest of respite, SARS is back, proving more resilient and perhaps more easily spread than previously thought. The abduction and murder of 10-year-old Holly Jones in Toronto has parents everywhere clowthing their children more tightly. Mad cow and West Nile threaten to transform backyard barbecues across Canada into bovine versions of *Fear Factor*. As far as we can digest the latest risk to our health or safety, a new danger seems to pop up. The "Worst Summer Ever" headlines are only a bear-mauling away.

It's difficult to keep perspective in troubled times, but even the most senseless and seemingly inglorious event is opening a path past. They focus our attention on the problems and challenge facing society, spurring new laws, scientific discoveries, changes in our personal behavior. Because as much as we pride ourselves on being rational animals, what really governs humans are the things that terrify us. We are hard-wired for fear. On occasion that can seem like the

curse of consciousness, but it's a unique burden that has paid untold dividends for our species. "By nature's standards, the individual human being is awkward, weak, unprotected and clumsy," the American science writer Ross Doster notes in his book *Fear Itself*. "Our big brains harbour vastly more fears than any other animal. Why? Because we are so unprepared and vulnerable to every change in climate, every predator, every disease."

Our range of terrors is as boundless as our imagination. Scorpions, like the abhorrence of snakes, spiders, or heights, are seemingly innate and almost universal. Others are learned and absorbed from the pain we see and share, shaped by our individual experiences and brushes with mortality. Fear is the primal human emotion.

That seems like a depressing thought until you take the undeniable benefits of such an evolutionary arrangement into account. Our common capacity to identify and then reject, avoid, or diminish risks is the reason the species has flourished. Most important is the organizing principle of civilization: And our insatiable need for a better, safer, more comfortable environment.

AS FAST AS we can digest the latest risk, a new danger seems to pop up. The 'Worst Summer Ever' headlines are only a bear-mauling away.

As fear drives science, technology and the economy, fear has been the motivator for many of our advances and achievements—life expectancy in Canada is now 78.3 years, almost 20 years more than in 1920—as well as some of our vilest failures: wars, genocides, racism.

Given the central role that worry plays in our lives, the odd thing is how poor a job we do in assessing the risks that most of us actually face on a day-to-day basis. We obsess about remote dangers and are mindlessly fixated with gruesome odds, ignoring the immediate hazards that claim the most victims. "We're more afraid of shark attacks than heart attacks and statistically that's wrong," says David Rapoport, director of risk communication at the Harvard Center for Risk Analysis. The explanation for our poor judgment

is simple enough—new or unfamiliar risks are more frightening than dangers we've learned to live with, catastrophic events, where many people die at once, have a greater impact than slow and steady fatalities. But the consequences of such probabilities are real. "The more awful the manner of death, the more likely we are to be afraid of it," says Rapoport. "That is leads us to make statistically inferior choices—to drive instead of fly, to buy guns for personal protection, to take powerful antibiotics when we don't really need them." The flip side of the phenomenon is the whole range of potentially foolish habits we should be worried about but downplay, says Rapoport, like the flu, mail and e-mail errors, do-it-yourself and traffic accidents.

It's an emotional response that also has implications for public policy. Circulatory diseases have long been Canada's number 1 killer, but in our society cancer research has a much higher profile. In the United States, Rapoport estimates, more than US\$10 billion a year is spent clearing up hazardous waste sites, compared to the US\$3.2 billion spent on tobacco control. "We all fear similar things for similar reasons and we need to react as a group to those risks that let us ahead of fear buttons," he says. "And we demand protection from them, regardless of whether they are actually the biggest dangers we're facing."

Some nightmares, however, are so disorienting that there is little we can do to govern our feelings when they become realities. The abduction and murder of children in Canada is an excruciating rare crime—the horror of violence like *Chloe's Journey*, *Mindy Tria* and *Corinne "Ponky" Gustafson* resonates far into our memories years later. But that knowledge can't temper the resolution and anger that greets each fresh outrage, or comfort the families and communities touched by such a loss.

Violent crime, and in fact crime as a whole, has been in overall decline in this country for the last 30 years. Yet public opinion surveys indicate that most Canadians continue to believe the problem is on the rise. "We're quite bad at objectively ranking risks," says Julie Roberts, a professor of criminology at the University of Ottawa. "As people get older they tend to perceive crime as more of a threat. They're more aware of the shocking murders, the violent teenagers, the sex killings. All of these incidents have a cumulative effect. It confirms people's

FEAR FACTORY

Have the media overblown Canada's health scares? JONATHAN DURBIN reports

ON APRIL 24, the headline of the *Ottawa Citizen* read, "SARS Bug Said Deadly Than AIDS?" If you read that while living in Toronto, you're forgiven if you thought it was overkill. At the time, Dudge, a popular Web site that links to international news stories (offering this exquisitely Mulchman item from a South Island called the *Daily Herald*), was a little late to bludgeon Torontonians with hype. The city had already gripped enough on its own. After all, that was the week when Dr. Donald Low, chief microbiologist at Mount Sinai Hospital, called the World Health Organization's Toronto travel advisory "invalid." It was also the week that Mel Litsman turned in his spectacular, eye-popping performance when he ruled against the WHO on CNN. "They don't know what they're talking about," the city's mayor declared, baritone-style. "I don't know who this group is. I never heard of them before." Hello, Toronto, we have a problem.

Despite other, less off-putting attempts to deflect the bad publicity the story was too big, the disease too scary and the city too close to the American border to escape an international attention. The "don't panic" response of senior public officials was like media fodder, so unless you were living under a nuclear Kryptonite with your fingers in your ears, you knew circumstances in Toronto were grim. And then, just when the situation looked like it was improving, it got worse. Predictions of a swift recovery proved premature in light of the disease's comeback, which descended nearly with mildew on Alberta and the encroaching winter-time threat of measles-bovine spongiform encephalitis. The drudge of doom didn't stop there, either: U.S. F-16 jets about domestic terrorism nudged up anxiety levels, and the murder of Holly Jones in Toronto upset anyone who ever caved for a child. May was a banner month for bad news.

Conventional wisdom holds that if the media are given an inch, they'll take 1,000



Mayor Mel's performance provided fodder for the *Daily Show* with Jon Stewart

inches, sensationalizing stories in a drive to make headlines. But as Toronto's first SARS outbreak wore on, newspapers and news channels devoted less space to hyping the illness and began to focus on positive developments instead—on how the case with mildew disease. It seemed only natural to read headlines that the was not, in fact, the final, and that mass terror wasn't appropriate (at least not yet). So-called headlines like "U.S., Fear Is Spreading Faster Than SARS," which ran mid-April in the *New York Times*, began to appear.

According to experts, however, that was the approach that really demoralized the disease. "The media's panic response has the paradoxical effect of making the public more likely to panic," says risk communication expert Peter Sandman, a New Jersey-based consultant who has advised governments and businesses on how to manage public outrage in crises. "A paragraph like 'everything is under control' shows up reassuring in a content analysis, but in effect on the public is, 'Oh, shit! If this is what

under control looks like, obviously they're lying to me. Not only do they not know what they're doing, they're not even prepared to acknowledge they don't know what they're doing. I'd better get my ass out of town.'"

Even if the number of SARS cases does spike, most Torontonians are staying put. The disease doesn't directly threaten most of them—which was one of the notable discrepancies between hype and reality during the first outbreak. Unless you were a senior, health-care worker or Jennifer Lopez (whose movie shoot moved to Winnipeg), life in Toronto didn't change much, in spite of some media efforts to paint the city like Pompeii. As Joseph Scanlon, director of the Emergency Communications Research Unit at Carleton University in Ottawa, notes, as disasters "people make sensible decisions. They don't panic. It's the media that tend to get carried away." Given that the crisis was overblown as media spread their, if based only on the evidence of a crowd of rail or a standing-room ride on the subway.

Now that SARS is back in the news—not that it ever left, really—only anxiety by the government to defuse fears about the risk of the illness look rash. And because the media followed suit, their credibility is also at stake. "Toronto has much wisdom on how to manage the infection, but no redundancy judgment on how to manage the communication," Sandman says. He warns against media and the government sending extreme messages, either comforting or apocalyptic. In other words, no downplaying statistics, or wondering aloud whether the WHO somehow confused Toronto with Beijing. Sandman advises that Canadian officials support the idea that living with SARS is, in the U.S. government call, "a serious precaution," the new normal. "From here on out, health care changes forever."

Risk experts agree that if the official message must reflect the new reality, and needs to be



carefully delivered so the media don't mangle it. Sandman cites Dr. Julie Gerbardin, director of the U.S. Centers for Disease Control, as a good example of someone who consistently measures out his good news with bad. The doctor, who appears on this month's *Wipeout*, is quoted as stating of SARS: "Even though we would like to take deep breaths and relax, this is absolutely the wrong time to do that." Like Sandman, Scanlon says a cautious, optimistic official response is much more reliable than an emotional one. "What people want to hear is not optimism—'this is bad, this is good'—but 'this is what we're doing, step by step,'" he says. "That's both the officials' and media's responsibility to communicate. You want officials screaming it, somebody else. But Joe Friday was right—we are the firm."

As cable news junkies know, it's not only what you hear from the media, it's also how many times you hear it. In discussing Canada's recent barrage of health troubles, Sandman says, "People have more trouble distinguishing between what's what's a high density of risk-related news. The media don't make any real effort to help you decide which is important and which isn't." Trust Wash

post, field director of the Disaster Research Center at the University of Delaware, says that's why it's vital that media messages not be broken. "The heard people out there wonder whether or not the media are giving the public too much information," she

'THE MEDIA'S anti-panic response has the paradoxical effect of making the public more likely to panic,' says one expert on risk

says. "I wouldn't see that as the case. But people hear happens that may come from less reliable sources, so that's why it's really important that information be clear."

But when a disease of public trust in the media is coupled with an onslaught of catastrophic news, and it's true, the integrity of the press is questioned. Like David Litsman, who joined us on *Last Show*, "We've got SARS, mad cow disease, an orange alert—the news is so bad the *New York Times* doesn't have to make it up," referencing the recent

scandal in the newspaper in which a reporter was found to have faked sources and disinformation. It's worth noting, too, that although the disaster hype damaged media credibility, it harmed the Canadian economy much more—say PR flack who all claims that there's no such thing as bad publicity obviously still planning to hold a conference in Toronto. And excessively sensational, repetitive coverage by CNN—despite its compete with real network Fox News in the U.S., which now has a Canadian news anchor—a known for in hand, talk-radio approach to delivering news—means that Canada isn't leaving the international line light any time soon, not until we're in disaster-free.

So what's the good news? Risk communication (paradoxically believe that media and officials should strive to educate the public. So long as it's fair and balanced, they believe too much news is never enough, and right now we're pining for "What the media do to trigger our interest in something and make us ask questions," says Scanlon. "We can't ask them to make discussions on the media alone." A healthy dose of skepticism doesn't hurt either. Being informed also means not believing everything you read. **Q**

hope that the second episode takes the good lessons from the first. But I don't think we should be too critical of our system dealing with something that hadn't been dealt with for probably decades.

Bowie: I applaud the exceedingly diligent work that all sorts of folk have done in Ontario, but I'm also discouraged at Jeff's comment that this is something totally out of the blue. Yes, it's out of the blue, but it's totally not unexpected. We know from what's happening in some of emerging infections around the world that we're going to continually be faced with new ones. There's been intensive planning in Canada on things like bioterrorism response and pandemic influenza, but Ontario essentially is never part of that. One of the fascinating things about a phase two sarin-like attack is at a time that I would have thought people's index of suspicion in Toronto would have been super, super, super high.

Bovis B.C. have a mechanism of command and control for situations like this?

Bowie: Well, we haven't been tested under these circumstances, but we've put a lot of effort into, for example, a bioterrorism response plan, which basically has the capability of integrating most components of this. We are up, in theory, to mobilize response much more effectively than was capable in Ontario. I was discouraged when I went to Toronto at the end of March, beginning of April, to see that despite really, really diligent efforts, and people working 20-plus hours a day, a whole bunch of basic components of Outbreak Management 101 had not been created, and I'm not actually sure that some of those have yet been created.

You have to wonder why Toronto was hit so hard and not Vancouver, Seattle or L.A., where there are large Asian populations as well.

Schabas: I actually think the most important factor was just plain bad luck. Taren to really go back to one case admitted to St. Michael's Grace Hospital on March 2. He did not have a travel history and no history of contact with pneumonia. It was his mother who had brought the disease back from Hong Kong, and she had died of an undiscovered pneumonia. Also, we don't have an institution in Ontario, a single credible source of leadership in an infectious disease outbreak, that can step in and take command in a way that the Cen-



Lower, our hospitals will be less accessible.



Schabas, we have to be much smarter.



Bowie, Ontario has to rethink its planning.

ters for Disease Control, for example, can do in the United States.

Laurin: I believe we should have a national CDC. I don't think as a country we have nearly enough focused profile and expertise in this area.

Bowie: Here are no problems with there being much stronger Canadian leadership, but I still would argue that each province—certainly large provinces—needs to have that capability within itself.

Some people are saying we are facing the "new normal," as you where we'll have to live with diseases that spread very quickly, and I'm wondering what that means to the hospital system.

Laurin: I think our hospitals will be much less accessible. And you'll probably see people masked over the next months, anyway, in our hospitals. Maybe we should return to a place where we have isolation hospitals, not opening all the time but then to allow the system to continue to function while an outbreak occurs.

Is that new grouping that your hospital's involved linked of a trial run for something like this, perhaps?

Laurin: Absolutely not.

Schabas: You'll be the fever hospital? **Laurin:** Absolutely not. I think one of the real resistances in our organization to doing this—now understanding the fact that it's the right thing to do—is the labeling that can go with it.

Schabas: I don't agree there's a need to make hospitals accessible. I think there's a need, particularly in Toronto, to overcome to SARS in terms of understanding the real implications of the outbreak. This outbreak will be brought under control. There are very good reasons why hospitals are open institutions, why we have become more relaxed about visiting, why hospitals transfer patients between institutions, because that adds to efficiency and ultimately to quality of care. I think the key to the "new normal" doesn't lie in wearing masks and gloves and restricting visitors. We have to be much smarter about identifying these problems and responding to them.

Why haven't we had hospitals in place for this kind of infection?

Bowie: SARS is unique, maybe, but the preparation for SARS is very, very similar to the preparation that we believe we need in Canada for bioterrorism response or pandemic flu. Why Ontario seems to be in a different level of preparedness than at least a number of provinces, I can't answer.

Laurin: I'll take a stab at it. The Canadian health-care system has been under enormous strain for at least a decade, and basically when you're under stress you make a lot of short-term decisions that are based on the circumstances you're facing. And quite frankly, I'm not sure that Ontario is any different from any

other province in this regard, so this is a national phenomenon. Basically we do the urgent and forget the important. The health-care system hasn't been planned around a thoughtful way because it's been too darned accustomed with dealing with the crisis of the day.

Given that almost half of the SARS cases in Toronto have been health-care workers, has that badly affected morale?

Schabas: Yes, this has been a devastating problem for health-care workers. There was a great deal of public concern about community spread, which I think was misplaced. But in fact health-care workers do get the disease and it's a terrible strain working under that threat. It's also a strain working under the burden of the precautions. It's very hard to work your whole day in an N-95 mask, and you put those two things together with health-care workers who are already working at the maximum of their capacity and it's very hard.

Laurin: SARS in Toronto is to the health-care system what 9/11 was to firefighters and police officers. These professionals carry with them some degree of risk, and we forget that. But something like SARS makes it front and center.

Are you feeling still?

Laurin: We haven't to date, and I think that's a testament to their courage and professionalism. It's a source of pride to me to be associated with the caregivers at St. Michael's. **Schabas:** I can't say categorically that we haven't lost anyone at York Central, but we were one of the hospitals hardest hit by the first wave of SARS, and I can tell you the most remarkable thing was the way that virtually everybody came to work every day, did their job—granted a bit but did their job well under extremely difficult circumstances.

So, what has to be done next?

Laurin: Again, it may fall into the category of urgent versus important, but we've got to get through this outbreak. That to me is what should happen in the immediate term, and whatever steps have to be taken both institutionally and provincially we need to take them to get ourselves out of this. **Schabas:** I agree that in Toronto the priority is to get past this outbreak, to give our system a little bit of a breather, or as much of a breather as we get from going back to

business as usual. But we also need to be smarter about our ability to spot new infectious diseases, gather information and deal with them effectively. And in fact, we've almost worked out the new outbreak, so we don't have good information. In fact, we may already be over the worst of this. We are pretty sure we know.

Bowie: I think Ontario needs to fundamentally rethink how it deals with infectious and

potential infections, whether it's in food or water or prescriptions or whatever, and largely to stop and create a new system, maybe CDC-like, that has capacity to identify things going on, the ability to evaluate, the ability to communicate, the ability to lead. And I'm not actually sure that it costs more. There are suggestions from Canadian data that a dollar spent on infection control saves five dollars.



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A VIRUS STRIKES TOURISM

SARS, mad cow and a stronger loonie—how much can one industry take?

MOSTLY THEY'RE already married when they step off the plane. But the Japanese newlyweds can't wait to stroll down the aisle at the old Campbell house on the Park Circuit, P.E.I. There, as music from a century-old organ wails through the air, they get to have the ceremony retired Rev. Chris Boutin—er, deduce them *husband* and wife on the same spot where Lucy Maud Montgomery, creator of their beloved *Anne of Green Gables* series, was married 93 years earlier. "It's a huge part of their culture," explains George Campbell, a descendant of Montgomery, who owns the Anne of Green Gables Museum, as the family hermits the beaumonts. "It's a dream for so many young Japanese couples." In a good year up to 75 Japanese couples rode their wedding towns there. This year, though, a SARS-worried

what's normally the height of the season. "You have to have confidence that things will get better," says Tony Zagaglia, director of operations at the Sheraton Falkenstein Hotel.

Things have rarely looked worse for Canada's \$32-billion travel and tourism industry. SARS, mad cow, West Nile: What more could happen to our battered industries and visitors alike? Try a scorching loonie that makes visits to Canada more expensive, a faltering U.S. economy and a Canadian airline nosedive on the brink. "Some people in my industry are calling it the perfect storm," says Marc-André Charbonneau, president of the Association of Canadian Travel Agencies. "It's the imagery, but it's not far from the truth."

We're far from the only ones feeling the pain. The United Nations predicts five mil-

lions cancelled. All told, the city's underpins estimate they've lost \$125 million since the first Toronto case surfaced. "It's a catastrophe," says Rod Seiling, president of the Greater Toronto Hotel Association.

Toronto may be the victim of the SARS outbreak, but many foreign travellers don't differentiate between the Ontario capital and Vancouver Island or Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula. "Japanese tourists will cover the country in a week," says Adam Doiron, vice-president of Charlottetown-based Prince Edward Tours Inc., which caters almost exclusively to Japanese travellers, and has yet to sign on nine of its 12 seasonal guides due to a 75 per cent drop in business this spring from a year ago. "If one destination is unsafe, in their view everything is unsafe."

Cries in pain: SARS-free Montreal is ex-



Toronto has been the hardest hit, but the country's impact is being felt in places like Peggy's Cove (left) and Montserrat Falls (center) too.



Japanese government is urging its citizens to avoid Canada. The upshot: so far just nine couples are planning to say "I do" in the Campbell parlor.

Think things are bad at Green Gables? Just cast an eye at Canada's other tourist sites. Visits to the CN Tower are down nearly 30 per cent since the first SARS case was reported in March. Ottawa's Stratford and Shaw theatre festivals have seen a steep decline in ticket purchases by Americans. *Adventure* ticket sales to the Calgary Stampede, which starts on July 4, are down by just three per cent, but the mad cow scare looms. A quarter of the honeymoon suites in Niagara Falls, Ont., hotels are empty during

lion people will lose their jobs in the worldwide tourism industry this year because of SARS and the economic slump which was already underway when the crisis began. Asia, with a 34 per cent employment decline recent year, will be the hardest hit. Still, the effect on Canada is enormous. SARS alone is expected to cost the economy \$2.1 billion this year, according to the TD Bank Financial Group. In Toronto, the public health crisis is also a jobs crisis. Statistics Canada says 4,000 Torontonians in the hospitality industry got pink slips in April. That month, hotel occupancy rates hit an all-time low of 29 per cent as conventions, film shoots, business trips and vacations were

predicted to lose 150 million in tourist income due to the fallout from the disease. Hotel occupancy in Winnipeg—also SARS free—is at its lowest level in a decade. Then there's Alberta where, amid fears of mad cow disease as well, spending by foreign tourists is down 15 per cent from last year. Out on the West Coast, economists predict the downturn in Asian travel will eat into the 2.5 per cent seasonal growth British Columbia was expecting this year. Back east in the capstone, some lodges and golf courses on Nova Scotia's Cape Breton Island have seen bookings slump by as much as 40 per cent, with any decline in foreign visitors being more than made up



With advance sales down by only three per cent, the Stampede is weathering the storm better than most, but ultimately everyone suffers.

for travellers from the rest of Canada.

For most operators, things could get worse if the latest outbreak of SARS isn't contained. Early evidence comes from Britain where a first-and-second epidemic in 2001 cost its tourist industry about \$300 million per week. "Most travel decisions are psychological, not rational," says Martin Teller, owner of Piers of Call Travel Services in Ottawa. "We've been hit by association of external events, the world is worrying and that's making it very hard for the industry to bounce back."

In an effort to rebuild the image of a safe tourist destination, Canadian tourism officials are consulting with British and Amer-

ican operators to learn how they survived fallout from 9/11 and mad cow. Ottawa is spending \$24 million on an advertising campaign to attract foreign travellers. And a desperate industry, trying to make up the day as tour companies scramble to fill hotels, cruise ships and airline seats. Some go as far as offering discounts—a single \$69 ticket for the "Foghorn for Toronto" event in July includes return to a Toronto Blue Jays game, a World Wrestling Association SmackDown and the Molson Indy car race.

Will clever marketing be enough? Last week, despite the latest SARS outbreak,

Brewery-based Interbrew SA, the third-largest brewery in the world and parent of Labatt Brewing Co. Ltd., saw its directors from Europe and the U.S. vote Toronto for a board meeting. CEO John Brock said that the company wanted to "show tangible support for our many loyal Labatt and Interbrew brand, restaurant and pub customers who are feeling the economic consequences of a much misadventured—albeit serious—disease." But that same day, health officials in Ontario warned the number of SARS cases could double. For the tourism biz, things could get worse before they get better.

With Katherine MacInnis in Toronto



EDUCATING GLEN CLARK

B.C.'s former NDP premier is earning his capitalist stripes, writes KEN MACQUEEN

ON MONDAY afternoon, Glen Clark, ex-New Democrat premier of B.C., was hanging off the side of an office tower 28 floors above downtown Vancouver. He didn't have a noose around his neck, as some in the business community might wish. Far from it. After a spectacular fall from political grace four years ago, the 45-year-old Clark is back on top. The recently promoted western vice-president and general manager for the Paterson Sign Group was at an installation site, buckled into a safety harness and standing on an aptly named swing stage. He's intent on learning the sign business from the ground up. "I didn't look down much," he admitted later. But then, he never has. Almost two years ago, Vancouver bel-

lieved Clark made the most of his new career

lieved Jimmy Paterson made the kind of well-oiled gambit he's makes all his working life. Michael Clark is manager of the underperforming B.C. arm of his international sign company, one of the largest in North America, with clients from Starbucks to Toyota. There was a collective gasp from the business community: How Glen Clark? What is Paterson thinking?

Clark, to underestimate it, was damaged goods. He'd resigned as premier in August 1999, under RCMP investigation over allegations he received benefits—low-cost home and cottage renovations—from a friend who

hoped to gain a government construction licence Clark lingered for an "uncomfortable year" on the backbenches. NDP support was in free fall and Clark, once the party's brash rising star, was now its greatest liability. In October 2000 he was charged with criminal breach of trust. His 16-year political career, his reputation and his finances were in ruins. "I had a family to support and I needed to work," he says over lunch in a family restaurant on the fringes of his old East Vancouver constituency. "What does an experimenter do?"

Not for the first time, a former NDP premier—a "socialist" in the Paterson lexicon—called to the province's most successful free enterpriser. Paterson had hired Dave Bursell in the mid-80s for a successful run as a

A cappella to Zydeco:

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talk-show host is one of his Vancouver radio stations. But the transition from politics to open-mouth radio is minor compared to the risk he took with Clark. Pattison entrusted part of one of his older companies to a disgraced politician facing a criminal charge. Clark's economic policies had alienated the business community. His aggressive, high-speed firm to run between Vancouver Island and the mainland, proved a \$300-million disaster. He had zero business experience. "Glen Clark, you've got to remember at the time, was certainly in the doghouse," 74-year-old Pattison cheerfully admits.

One of Pattison's great joys is that this is a privately held corporation, free of the second-guessing of shareholders. He has 26,000 employees worldwide, in companies from food stores to auto dealerships to, believe it or not, Ripley Entertainment. Sales hit \$5 billion last year; the company has \$3.5 billion in assets. Pattison has no need to justify his decisions, and yet he settles onto a couch in his 14th floor Vancouver office to explain Clark's hiring—one of the most entertaining experiments in social engineering since Prof. Henry Higgins met Eliza Doolittle.

"Why not?" he responds to the inevitable why. "There's a risk when you hire anybody," he says. "We take those risks every day." Yes, he concedes, there was some heat from the public and business colleagues. "We expected that," he says, dismissing it as of no consequence. "Lookin', he had to go out, he had a family, he had to start a new life. Why not with us?"

Pattison liked Clark's aggressive spirit; the first time he met the freshly deposed opposition MLA at a legislative reception in 1996. "Send him to me," Pattison famously predicted afterwards. "He'll be a millionaire in no time." That boast seemed amazingly prophetic as Clark's political career skyrocketed, then flamed out. Still, Pattison can't shake when almost no one else would. "The problem with his angles is they're much more public than mine," Pattison says chastely. "He got a few years. He'll get those. There's nothing like getting a few years to help you mature."

Certainly Clark was mature enough to know his immediate prospects were dim. "I was not very popular in the business community and I had a criminal charge, so that removed the job field significantly." He



Pattison says he saw great potential in the brash MLA when they first met in 1996.

looks at Pattison's offer, happy for the chance to prove his worth. "It was just a great opportunity to get into the business world and learn from Jimmy, and try to correct myself in that field."

There were those who accused him of betraying his ideals, but Clark, once a notorious political searper, now has little patience for such disreputable views. Ideology and personality are rationally tangled in

"THE PROBLEM with his mistakes is they're more public than mine," Pattison says. "There's nothing like a few scars to help you mature."

British Columbia, he says. "If you're a business person you have to hate the NDP and everybody else—How could Mr. Pattison hire Glen Clark, he's the enemy?" And if you're a union person, it's, "How could you go work for Jim Pattison, he's the enemy?" All of that is just silly, really," Clark says. "It's very debasing, and I don't think it happens anywhere else in Canada."

In his first year as a labor officer for the former Noon Products was one of several companies combined under the Pattison Sign

Group name. Clark hired a new sales manager, and set about turning around the B.C. operations. At the same time, he set through his touch of trust (that, which dragged on in the B.C. Supreme Court from January to September 2002). "I was coming into work in the morning, going to court, then coming in after court and on the weekends," he says. "That was a challenge." Justice Elizabeth Bennett found him not guilty. His "kelly" she ruled, was only in hiring a neighbor who tried to gain an illegal advantage by removing the Clark's home and by helping build a deck at the family cabin. His wife, Dale, entangled with school as the verdict. Clark said at "and" was lifted from the backs of Bennett, his wife and their two children, Brad, 15, and Layne, 13.

Not long after, a buoyant Clark was bumped again to western vice president. The appointment was made by Bill Dugan, president of the Toronto-based sign group, with Pattison's approval. Pattison credits "Glen and his team" with doubling sales in his region. "He's doing just fine."

A Winnipeg operation was closed. Clark and the management team opened sites for a new production facility. With sales growing in the U.S., Clark considered Washington state, as well as Saskatchewan and Alberta, before settling on Vancouver, in B.C.'s Okanagan Valley. His surprise prospect of an on B.C. premier steering jobs out of province didn't lose him. "I would have done that," he insists. "If I thought it best for the com-

pany to go to Alberta, we'd be in Alberta. I wouldn't be working for Mr. Paterson very long if I couldn't make that decision."

He chose Paterson for its pool of skilled and lower-cost laborers, its services and its location, near the U.S. border and midway between the Vancouver and Calgary markets. It's also an area he knows well. "I've got a cabin up there, of course," he says, his laugh unmistakably free of bitterness. "Or ha-deck."

Clark is finding that the shift to business management from cabinet and the premier's office isn't so great as some might think. It's still a question of choosing priorities and allocating scarce resources. What he relishes most is his new ability to move quickly. "Government is ponderous, slow, very bureaucratic and very difficult to move," he says. "Even when you're in a senior position like a minister or a premier, often the system will thwart your intentions." Business, at least at Paterson runs it, offers a "flexibility, flexible, adaptive environment," says Clark. Unlike government, there's a clear measure of performance—the bottom line. "You're free to run the company the way you think is best, as long as you get the results."

A case in point is the new Paterson plant, championed by Clark but approved by all four senior managers at the Paterson Sign Group, and, ultimately, by Paterson. The site choice, a former food warehouse, was finalized in December. By March most of the Clark-managed renovations—now there's

UNLIKE GOVERNMENT, there's a clear measure of performance. 'You're free to run the company the way you think is best,' Clark says.

an act of faith—were completed, and the line of what may eventually reach 70 or 80 staff were at work.

Per Wayne Tibbatts, economic development officer for the city of 41,000, lending a "blue chip" Paterson company was a coup. He gives Clark full credit. "He's a good businessman. He stated clearly what he wanted and he never moved from that line. It was a good experience," says Tibbatts, before offer-

ing the ultimate compliment. "I wouldn't mind sitting on his deck." By locating in B.C., where Paterson's sign operations are ununionized, Clark had to deal with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. Clark, once an organizer for the laborers' union, handled negotiations. If the Paterson move was to happen, he warned, he needed a flexible, competitive workforce. The union, happy for the jobs, tempered its demands. Among those across the negotiating table from Clark was Harry Van Breen, a business representative for the IBEW. "He knows both sides of the fence," says Van Breen. "He knew what the company needed, and he also understood how far we could bend."

It's now up to the plant to prove its worth. Paterson gives his operators as great autonomy, but he's watching. "The labour laws in Alberta are friendlier than they are in British Columbia," Paterson says, not quite hiding a mild skepticism. "I think that plant would be in Alberta if it wasn't for Glen Clark." Clark concedes. "There are risks associated with that decision."

Friend and foe alike speak of Paterson's early days in the car business, and his practice each month of firing the lowest-performing salesman. In Paterson's view, he was doing the fellow a favour, though in NDP circles that call is often cited as an example of the ruthlessness of an unfettered free market.

Ask Clark what mistakes he's made in his new career, and he brushes over his coffee cup. "There are people I thought should be terminated and I took too long to terminate them," he says. "I don't like that part of the job and you always want to give people the benefit of the doubt, but in the business environment you've got to move quickly." Many think it's "awful" the way Paterson fired his salespeople, but Clark has come to appreciate that commission salespeople, rather like politicians, walk without a net. "It's not awful because people who aren't selling aren't making a living for themselves and their families, and if they can't do it, they should do something that they're good at," he says.

Later, his philosophy on tough love and the art of salesmanship is recounted to Paterson, who sheds this day in a silver-bound tooth jacket that wouldn't look out of place in one of his car lots. "He's teaching on, you know," he says with a satisfied chuckle. "Glad to hear that."

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THE NEW 'INFODEMIC' AGE

Epidemic fears fuelled by modern media cause disproportionate devastation

IT IS A BIG BLOW to the market value of the Canadian dollar when the No. 1 financial news story in the U.S. is distressed Canada. When news from Canada makes major headlines here, it is Very Bad News Indeed.

So it was on May 26, when the Dow Jones industrial average closed down two points, the result of a big sell-off in McDonald's shares. McDonald's has been one of the Dogs of the Dow for years, but this time it was bovine, not canine, news that produced the unease activity. And the bovine news came from Canada.

Any news bad enough to put the Dow Jones industrial into negative territory was certainly bad enough to halt the loonie's ascent. From the beginning of March, the Canadian dollar had flown from 67 to US74 cents, with respite for breath. On the *Star* day, it was trading at roughly 74 cents when the cows hit the tape. It started falling immediately and finally found support later in the week at 72.5 cents (to currency market nerds, that's a big move).

Statistics of the impact of this one bad, bad news on Canada's beef industry are in the hundreds of millions of dollars. The door for exports to the U.S. and most other significant customers has slammed shut. As a resident of Chicago, I relate to the story of mad cow and horse produced by one cow. Back in 1871, meat of Chicago burned to the ground in a terrible fire that was started, legend has it, when a cow owned by a Mrs. O'Leary kicked over a lantern.

The O'Leary girl burned fast, but it took Canadian agricultural authorities a lifetime of 7th months to establish BSE in the dead Angus cow. While that story was still getting big coverage globally, Canada hit the headlines again with the news that SARS was back in Toronto. Media reports suggest it originated with a diagnosis of post-operative pneumonia in a patient who was actually dying of SARS. One might have thought Toronto hospitals were so scared of SARS that they would have excluded it as a possibility. The charitable conclusion is that concerned psy-

chiatrists—hospitals or nuclear power plants—are notoriously subject to the application of Murphy's Law.

Meanwhile, economists continue to ratchet down their forecasts for Asia—and therefore global—economic growth because of SARS in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. The impact on China has been astounding. GDP growth estimates have dried from the nine per cent range to below zero for the second quarter.

Consider the financial and economic costs of one diseased cow and a few thousand diseased people. (Chinese: the reaction to SARS with continuing opposition to the use of EDT to prevent the spread of mad cow and encephalitis, which kills at least a million people annually.) What is happening in the RSE and SARS are occurring in real time.

WHEN MILLIONS—or even billions—of people change their minds about risk that quickly, the economic consequences are dramatic

and people and financial markets are responding by re-prioritizing assets and redefining new and unknown levels of risk. These are what health analyst David Rothkopf, writing in the *Washington Post*, calls "infodemics." Infodemics cause economic and financial devastation on a scale disproportionate to the actual effects of the epidemics that spawned them.

Yet infodemics are, in economists' terms, rational. They reflect the instant a thousand shifts in risk perception of millions—or even billions—of people. When that many people change their minds that quickly, the economic consequences are dramatic.

During a visit to Winnipeg this month, a firm driver told me his business was great. I hadn't heard that kind of enthusiasm in any city I'd visited since 9/11, and I asked for fur-

ther information. He said the city was getting "great" convention and music business from Toronto. In my walks around the downtown, I saw numerous limousine vehicles. My hand was the epicenter for a firm carrying Richard Gere and Jennifer Lopez, which certainly meant Winnipeg was on the map. ("When the Lord closes a door, somewhere he opens a window," was another supervisor's advice in *The Sound of Music*.) So at least for momentary, the impact of SARS on the Canadian dollar is round.

SARS would not have become an infodemic could it not have been the Chinese economy had the ruling clique been candid in the early stages. But even post-Leninist Communism punishes bureaucrats bearing bad news, so by the time the regime focused up, and SARS cases were being reported across the globe, the rational response of people and businesses was to postpone a plague. Tourism to China and Hong Kong collapsed, and with it the deal making that drives the Chinese juggernaut.

The infodemic is a McLuhanesque disease: its symptoms are rumors and responses that spread across the global village in minutes. That means economic and financial forecasts will be even more prone to error in the future. The still small number of analysts who argue that chaos theory should replace long-range forecasting must be feeling smug. The theory's famed butterfly in Beijing that flaps its wings and causes a storm on the other side of the world has become a reality.

What are the lessons for investors? Should we retreat into the profound pessimism about the possibility of human ability to create sustained progress that afflicted Voltaire and other philosophers after the Lisbon earthquake killed at least 30,000 people in 1755? Or should we realize to the globalization of information and markets that amplifies greater risks and—what knowledge rewards than in the days when it took months to hear about a new kind of flu emanating from China?

You'll guess my vote: Toronto will recover, and cows will not eat human legs, and bovine flu will return. Investing's a reality show that doesn't respect itself to prime time... and we're all members of the cast.

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Everything's Connected

We live in a networked world. If the information and people we care about aren't in front of us, they're just a few keystrokes away. Now networks are reaching into new places, and encompassing new devices.

With a wireless home network, you can check e-mail on your desktop computer, or surf the Web on a notebook while you sprawl on the couch.

In the family room, "media hubs" like Hewlett-Packard's Media Center PCs can record TV shows, play DVDs and CDs, stream music off the Net and display digital photographs.

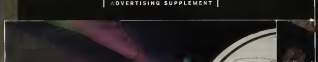
Connect a camcorder to your computer, and you can share your home videos via instant messaging. Using a program called DV Messenger, Canon's latest camcorders can be operated over the Internet, so viewers can rewind the tape and view a scene again.

Home networks aren't just for computers. Videogame consoles, audio components and security cameras can be hooked to a home network, and through it, to the Internet.

You can stay connected when you leave home. If you have a wireless-enabled notebook computer, you can connect to the Net in wireless "hotspots" that are springing up in airports, hotels, restaurants and other public locations.

Elsewhere, new cell phone networks deliver data speeds comparable to dial-up Internet access. There are all kinds of new devices for these new cell phone networks: phones with bright colour screens that play downloadable games, phones with built-in digital cameras, and pocket computers that double as cell phones.

In our networked world, there are more and more ways to stay connected.



Media-Saving PCs

What's on the computer tonight? For many people, the computer is a primary source of entertainment, not just for games but for music as well. So it was inevitable that PCs would migrate from the home office to the family room.

That happened in late 2002, when Microsoft introduced a version of Windows that focuses on entertainment. Windows XP Media Center. The first company to ship a Windows XP Media Center was Hewlett-Packard.

"We had expected that the product would be purchased by college students and people who live in small urban dwellings," says John Kelly, category business manager, consumer PCs, for Hewlett-Packard (Canada) Ltd. "But we found that it was families who were buying it. Some Media Center PCs are going into home offices, and some into family rooms."

Media Center PCs are equally comfortable in either location. When you use the mouse and keyboard, they work just like a regular PC. When you click the supplied remote control, the screen displays a menu of entertainment options. The menus are nice and large, so you can navigate them from your couch.

Click my TV, and you're ready to record your favourite shows. HP's Media Center automatically downloads TV listings, and sorts them by name and genre. You can transfer your recordings from the hard disk to DVD using the built-in DVD burner.

My music catalogues music that you've recorded onto your computer or downloaded off the Net. While you're listening to music, you view a slideshow of digital photos. My



Windows XP Media Center PC can be used to record TV shows, burn DVDs, play music and manage digital photo albums.

Video lets you view movies that you've recorded on your camcorder.

HP has just introduced a second generation Media Center PC at \$2,500 and Kelly says prices will fall to below \$2,000 by year-end. "We're committed to building PC products that are very entertainment-oriented," he comments.

Sony will introduce two family room computers this summer, both with personal video recorder (PVR) software for recording TV to hard disk, as well as a DVD-recording capability. Prices will start at under \$2,000, says Runet Jan, product marketing manager for Sony of Canada Ltd. There's also software for managing your music collection and organizing your digital photos.

"We know people are spending less time watching TV and more time on their computers," Jan says. "We're positioning these products as fun PCs."

All Through the House

Home networks help PCs and other devices get on the Net. Canada is one of the most connected countries in the world. According to

Toronto-based IDC Canada Ltd., 29 per cent of Canadian households had high-speed Internet service at the end of 2002.

"This is really high," says Warren Charabert, senior telecom analyst at IDC Canada. "Canada is easily 40 points ahead of the U.S., and second only to South Korea in broadband penetration."

High broadband penetration is driving growth in another area: home networking. Home networks extend high-speed Internet service throughout your home. Typically, home networks use a component called a "router" or "base station" that connects to your high-speed modem. Besides sharing Internet service among multiple computers, the router also enables computers to exchange files and share printers.

But home networks aren't just for computers. Microsoft's Xbox video-game console has a network connection, so that players can go head-to-head with human opponents over the Internet. Optional network adapters are available for Nintendo's Game Cube and Sony's PlayStation2.

Onkyo offers audio components with network connections, so you can play Internet radio and MP3 music through your hi-fi speakers.

The heavily typed Internet Fridge from LG Electronics can connect to the Net through a home network. You can surf to a supermarket Web site and order groceries by tapping on the screen. But it'll cost. The Internet Fridge retails for \$51,999.

JVC offers security cameras with network connections. You can attach the camera to a home network and then view what the camera is seeing

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through a Web browser. "You can point the camera via the Web and program it to e-mail a picture to you, for example, when a door opens," says Cameron Almon, senior marketing manager, professional products, for JVC Canada Inc.

While most of the devices connected to home networks will be computers, IBC Canada's Chasen says, "These non-PC applications will drive demand for broadband connectivity and the networking products to share it."

Some home networks use the same type of network cabling used in office networks, while others use household phone or electrical wiring. However, the most popular form of home networking is Wi-Fi, short for "wireless fidelity." Wi-Fi networks move data around on radio waves.

"Home networking was going nowhere until Wi-Fi," comments Albert Deaut, networking analyst for Evans Research Corp. in Toronto. "We're going to lay cables in a home!"

Wi-Fi components are available from companies that specialize in networking, such as D-Link and Linksys, as well as computer companies like Apple, Microsoft and Toshiba. Prices start at around \$125. A wireless router typically has at least one network jack, for connection to a PC is the same route.

To connect wireless computers need a Wi-Fi network adapter. For desktop PCs, there are internal PCI Wi-Fi adapters that fit inside the computer, or external Wi-Fi adapters that connect to a USB (Universal Serial Bus) port on your PC. For notebooks, there are Wi-Fi PC Card adapters, which fit into a PC card

slot on the side of the computer. The cost for Wi-Fi adapters starts at around \$100 per PC.

More and more notebooks are shipping with wireless capability built-in. During the first quarter of 2003, the number of home and small-business customers choosing to equip new Dell notebooks with wireless jumped by 35 per cent over the previous quarter, says Andre Valiquette, senior product manager, U.S.B., in Dell Computer Corporation's Toronto office. As more and more people add wireless home networks, Valiquette expects the demand for wireless notebooks to continue to grow.

Surf While you Sip

Wireless hotspots keep you connected when you're out and about. Do hockey fans want to check e-mail while they watch a Leafs game? Ian Clarke is betting on it. Clarke is senior vice-president and chief financial officer, Maple Leaf Sports and Entertainment, which has deployed a wireless network for the Air Canada Centre (ACC) in Toronto.

In effect, the ACC is one huge hotspot, offering Internet access to anyone with a wireless-enabled notebook. The network uses "Wi-Fi," the same technology as home and business wireless local area networks (LANs).

Clarke notes that he uses the ACC's Wi-Fi network being used just by suits in the corporate boxes. Fans in the seats could use it to order food and beverages, and media could use it to file stories. "The Air Canada Centre is the first public sports and entertainment facility to provide Wi-Fi access for fans, partners and the media,"

Clarke said at a press briefing on March 12. "This will benefit our fans and our corporate sponsors."

The briefing was part of Intel's launch of Centrino mobile technology, which integrates wireless capability into new notebook computers. Commented Pat Geisner, Intel's chief technology officer, "We believe this represents a major shift in how people use computing."

Wi-Fi hotspots are being deployed in all kinds of locations. Air Canada is installing hotspots in its Maple Leaf Lounges at airports across Canada. Bell Canada has tested Wi-Fi hotspots in public locations such as Toronto's Union Station and Montreal's Gare Centrale. Farmont Hotels & Resorts is offering Wi-Fi coverage in all its hotels, including the Royal York in Toronto, the Queen Elizabeth in Montreal and the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa. Vancouver-based PanOptix is deploying Wi-Fi hotspots in hotels, airports, coffee shops and other public places.

Some Wi-Fi hotspots can be used free of charge. Other locations charge a fee for the service. Tim Aubrey, senior vice-president of finance and chief technology officer for Farmont

Intel's Centrino technology integrates wireless networking into notebook computers. It users can get Web access without wires.





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Hotels & Resorts, says frequent guests will be able to use the service for free, while occasional guests will have to pay a fee. Guests who have paid for high-speed Internet access in their rooms will get Wi-Fi service at no additional charge, he adds.

Industry-watcher International Data Corporation predicts that by 2005, there will be 118,000 Wi-Fi hotspots worldwide. Intel foresees all kinds of applications for the technology. Real-estate agents could check listings while dining with prospective home buyers. Business travelers could check e-mail while waiting for a flight. And hockey fans could order a cold one.

Information Everywhere

With new cell phones, you can do a lot more than talk. A lot can happen in 20 years. In 1983, Motorola introduced the first portable cell phone. The DynaTAC 8000x weighed 794 grams and was 33cm high.

With an optional Connection Kit, you can capture digital images and transmit them wirelessly.



a far cry from today's pocket-sized phones. It cost almost \$4,000 and was good for one thing: talking.

Two decades later, cell phones are

a lot cheaper, a lot smaller and do a lot more. There are phones that take photographs, phones that play MP3 music, and phones that play electronic games. There are phones that double as pocket computers and pocket computers that do voice. And people are starting to use these devices for other things besides talking.

"Voice is still the killer application for wireless," says David Woodcock, director of product management for Motorola Canada PCS. "But we're starting to see text communications for times when voice isn't available or appropriate." In November 2002, Canadians sent over 30 million phone-to-phone text messages. We're also using phones to check e-mail, get news and weather information and play games.

New phones are making non-voice applications more attractive. Motorola's T720, for example, has a bright colour screen and the ability to play downloadable games written in the Java programming language. While gaming is the first use for the phone's Java capability, Woodcock thinks business applications will be just as important. For instance, companies could create Java programs that would let mobile workers maintain time sheets on Java phones.

David Nozle, vice-president, new product development for Rogers AT&T Wireless, thinks colour phones will kick-start non-voice wireless applications. Besides e-mail access, information access and games, these could include picture messaging. This year, Rogers AT&T Wireless is introducing several phones with built-in or add-on digital cameras. Currently, subscribers can use these cameras to snap

pictures and send them over the Internet. Phone-to-phone picture messaging is in development, he adds. "In Japan and Korea, 20 percent of the market is already camera-equipped," Nozle says.

Rogers AT&T is also introducing pocket computers that can be used for voice, Web access and e-mail. These include a Pocket PC, Siemens X256, and a Palm device, the Palm Tungsten W. President of Palm Canada Inc., Michael Moskowitz, says the Tungsten W is ideal for sales forces and other mobile business groups who need a small device that will let them connect securely to their corporate networks.

Rob Plante, national sales manager for the wireless division of LG Electronics Canada Inc., does that with his phone and notebook computers. The LG550 phone, which LG Electronics calls an "office in a pocket", lets him connect a notebook via an optional USB cable, and delivers Internet access at speeds comparable to dial-up. "I don't pay for Internet access in hotels," Plante says. "This way I don't have to change settings and I don't have to be in a hotel room."

Albert Thomas, marketing manager, global services, for Ericsson Canada Inc., says the great thing about wireless is its ability to deliver information where you need it, when you need it. Thomas, a self-confessed e-mail addict, receives wireless alerts on his cell phone when he's been out-bid. "I've won quite a few auctions because I've been able to respond. What's great about wireless is that it lets me know about things that are important to me." ■



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Justice



INSTITUTIONAL CORRECTION

A new youth crime act aims to fix a broken system, SUSAN MCCLELLAND writes

AT FIRST GLANCE, Greg looks much like the other inmates at the Toronto Youth Assessment Centre. Shoulder-length black hair pulled back in a ponytail, he's dressed in standard-issue burgundy T-shirt, sweat pants and running shoes with Velcro fasteners. But Greg is the boss of his cellblock, or what inmates call "the range"—and a symbol of what's wrong with prisons for kids. His territory isn't much to brag about: the cramped cells and cluttered common areas at TYAC smell of rotting food, sweat and smuggled-in cigarettes. Still, Greg (a pseudonym)—like all the young offenders in this story, he can't be identified—enjoys the privileges of power. The previous night, he says, he was charged for leaving up another inmate but was released from solitary confinement early because another kid on the range agreed to take the blame. And at dinner, a tall skinny kid got hit an extra dose

A judge described the overcrowded Toronto Youth Assessment Centre as "hellish".

of pizza and exchanged his milk for juice. "I hate milk," Greg explains to a visitor.

The source of Greg's power isn't his claim that he is the leader of a Toronto gang (he won't say which one) or the fact that he says he's a TYAC veteran with a mile-long rap sheet (it's his third stint). His strength is his violent "management" style—he says he and his "soldiers" use tightly rolled newspapers as bats to beat on and control other inmates. That's the norm in youth prisons: in some on-incident assaults are so pervasive that one guard at a northern Ontario facility says he'd take "working as an adult penitentiary any day over working with kids who will kill each other at any time."

Violence is probably inevitable in youth detention—there aren't choirsboys and girls

but the brutality that's become common in juvenile institutions, experts say, is directly related to chronic overcrowding. It's a problem that has eroded since the system since the Young Offenders Act was enacted in 1984. Canada's youth incarceration rate has climbed to the highest of any Western nation. And it's a problem the newly revised Youth Criminal Justice Act aims to solve, by sending fewer kids to prison. As of April 1, dramatic, repeat offenders or violent criminals will be sent to youth jails, as they were in the past. Most other cases, though, will be referred to community services or restorative justice programs in which victims and offenders meet and work out nonjudicial sentences together.

Roughly 23,000 young offenders were placed in custody in 1999-2000. Of those, 22 per cent committed offences involving violence, and less than one per cent were jailed for murder or manslaughter. But they



get thrown into the same centres as the kids serving short sentences for petty theft, vandalism or administrative offences, including failure to appear in court. Being housed with hardcore inmates has a negative effect on low-risk offenders, says University of Western Ontario psychologist Alan Lechman. Prisons for kids are the finishing schools for gang members and career criminals, which is why Canada's high rate of recidivism. In 1999-2000—the most recent statistics available for young offenders—53 per cent of property crimes and 25 per cent of assaults involved those with prior convictions.

These alarming statistics, and the overcrowded prisons, prompted Ontario to redraft its legislation. Signed into law on April 1, the new act takes its cues from studies that show the majority of deviant youth behaviour can be turned around without incarceration. "There is a lot of offenders coming that goes on with young offenders but, in reality, most of the offences are minor," says Toronto defence lawyer Brian Seilly. "Violent crime hasn't increased, yet youth were getting harsher and longer sentences than many adults."

Jerry, a short and stocky 17-year-old, illustrates the rationale behind the new rules.

He's been at TYAC for several months, for car theft and a house-and-enter. Sitting on his bunk, Jerry looks wistfully at photographs of his girlfriend, a pretty blond with bright blue eyes. "I try to call her every day," he says. "But sometimes I can't because the other kids in the dorm take my

THE BRUTALITY that's become commonplace in juvenile institutions, experts say, is directly related to chronic overcrowding.

telephone privileges for themselves."

If Greg's the bully, Jerry's the bullied. When he first arrived, he says, he was welcomed—an act in which another prisoner is beaten by another inmate. Jerry says he's seen other TYAC rituals: sometimes, inmates use another kid's head, feet and neck to one of the metal bed frames with sheets and then beat his exposed torso, or they force their peers to stick their heads in toilet-filled with urine and feces and blow bubbles. Jerry says he's learned to pray to help

at inside House in Calgary, homeless kids in trouble with the law get a second chance.

him survive. "I pray whenever a fight begins that I am left out," he says. "I pray for the other kids that they don't get hurt."

But kids at TYAC do get hurt. An Ontario judge ruled conditions at TYAC "heinous" and gave one boy, upon charges of mischief and reckless care, an absolute discharge after he was attacked in the facility last fall. Last autumn, another boy threw convicted inmate, and Ontario's Chief Advocate with the Ministry of Community, Family and Child Services, July/July, is reviewing the level of care at TYAC. Enley noted in a 2000 report that most prisoners spend their days confined to cells or dorms, bored. Frustrated, they set fires, or flood their blocks by plugging toilets with paper and clothing. Eventually, they take out their frustrations on each other. "The public works kids punished for their crimes," says Enley. "But we also want them rehabilitated so that when they come out they are not a greater risk to society. Nobody wants these kids brutalized."

A far different form of justice is being meted out in a cosy Calgary home, where



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ROGERS



Tom (centre) completed high school (seated) and now is in a college welding course

16-year-old Dylan and his parents are meeting with Brian. The boys are munching on potato chips and pretzels and talking open-heartedly. Brian wants to know how Dylan's basketball team feeling. The subject makes the parents and the two boys laugh. After all, it was hoops that caused all of their lives to collide. Two years ago, at 14, Brian was charged with assault causing bodily harm for punching Dylan in the face and breaking his nose at a school basketball game. Brian might have faced jail time for the assault. Instead, the boys agreed to take part in a restorative justice program called conferencing, an option promoted by the new federal act but one that's already been used extensively in Alberta. In effect, it allows victims, offenders and their families to meet and settle the issues themselves.

Brian and Dylan's conference took place at a church, and within minutes of starting, Brian admitted his guilt. He also apologized to Dylan, explaining that he was trying to defend his little brother, whom he was playing against Dylan on the opposing team, and went too far. The process had profound effects on both sides. Bringing to bear the impact of his assault on Dylan and his family. And Dylan's parents say the conference gave them a

chance to see that Brian wasn't the "monster" they'd imagined him to be after the attack took place. "He was just like my own son," says Dylan's mother. The boys, meanwhile, discussed they had a lot in common. Dylan's dad, who says he once thought restorative justice to be "bleeding-heart liberal stuff

THERE IS NO such thing as a positive experience in a youth jail, says Tom. Drug treatment programs are a joke. Jail is just daycare.

and a way for Brian to avoid prison time," wrote a letter to the court recommending that the charges be dropped. The presiding judge agreed, and the case was resolved.

Brian hasn't been in trouble since. "I'm not what I did to Dylan was hard," he says. "I would have taken prison over anything. It would have been much easier for me to keep blaming someone else for my actions but to take responsibility as front of him and his family was really difficult."

College got a head start on conferencing

in 1998 at the suggestion of Doug Beech, then a probation officer. Beech, now a coordinator with Calgary's children and youth services, had conducted research for his master's degree in social work that showed criminals were less likely to re-offend if they met their victims and understood the impact of their crimes. The meetings also helped victims deal with their anger and fears of retaliation by speaking to the offenders directly. Calgary's program works on about 150 youth cases a year, which has helped relieve overcrowding at the city's juvenile prison. As well, offenders who have taken part in restorative justice conferences re-offend at a far lower rate than those who are incarcerated. "We've had a lot of success with conferencing," says Brian Hobbie, senior counsel at Calgary and Edmonton's Youth Criminal Defense Office. "It's great to see a recognition that conferencing works. As a result, we hope we can do more of it."

Alcohol and drug rehabilitation, family reconciliation and school and work programs to re-integrate young offenders into their communities will also become more common under the new act. As for kids who are incarcerated, they will now have to serve at least part of their sentences in the community. This suits Tom, a rough-looking 19-year-old who spent 16 months in custody. "There is no such thing as a positive experience in a youth jail," says Tom, who was found guilty of assault with a weapon causing bodily harm in 1998. "The general attitude of a lot of serious offenders is that they can get away with anything. Drug treatment programs in prison are a joke. Jail is just daycare." He adds "Inmates don't take responsibility for their crimes or think about the good things they want to do when they get out. It's just a cycle: you get out, do no other crime and go back in again."

Tom was then addicted to methamphetamines, had few job skills and had no money for college, so it would have been easy for him to fall back into his old habits. A social worker and Tom's parents helped him get his act together. He managed to complete high school behind bars, and now, out of prison, he's off hard drugs, working part-time and is enrolled in a welding program at community college.

The new act has garnered a lot of praise,

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Justice | >

The killer of McGill's grandson served 18 months in a halfway house, and 18 on parole

but has in critics, too. The act has a suite of guidelines recommending which types of crimes will result in prison sentences and which ones won't. Politicians in Quebec—which already has one of the lowest rates of incarceration—don't want their courts to be governed by the guidelines. And some Ontario officials are also against the act. A decade of cutbacks have left the province without the community service infrastructure to handle the increased number of kids. As a result, justice officials worry kids, who have committed minor offences post April 1, aren't even being charged because there's no room in the system. "The new act is going to make it easier for kids to escape punishment," says Gilbert Barry, a Toronto Crown prosecutor. "The old act was bad enough. Kids were showing up in court, offences after offence, and getting two days in jail in their sentences—slaps on their wrists. I heard prosecutors and police refer to the old system as *Senior court* and the *Good Act*. With the new act, kids won't even get their slaps in court."

Senior offenders, however, will not get off so lightly. Children who commit heinous crimes will still go to prison. And even though they will be tried in a juvenile court, under the new act they could be handed an adult sentence if it is longer than the maximum juvenile term of three years. That's a change that Theresa McGaughey wishes had come earlier. On October 25, 1985, an Ottawa gang called Ace Crew beat her grandson, Sylvain Lesha, 17, to death. A 17-year-old girl, with a long list of prior convictions including assault, had instigated the brutal slaying.

McGaughey hoped the girl would be tried in adult court in the belief that a longer sentence was a more just punishment. A judge denied the Crown's request for a transfer and the girl spent a mere 18 months in a halfway house and then 18 months on parole. "Offenders need to be given the perspective to be taken around," says McGaughey. "A kid is not going to do this in 18 months, 18 years casually, in a halfway house."

FOR SOME KIDS, the new act comes too late. Patrick, for instance, never wanted to be a career criminal. There was a time when the one-time honour roll student had hoped dreams of becoming a fireman. But Patrick's



unsupervised upbringing deepened his despair. Since he was a small child, he and his single mother, who suffers from manic depression, have battled physically with one another. Patrick, now 17, says he probably would have been taken out of her care at age 7 if he had reported it. But he stayed. He trav-

elled across the country, he stayed with one of his mother's ex-boyfriends for awhile, then began living on the streets. The teenage, who used to enjoy snowboarding, became depressed. He beat up a kid at school who had been teasing him, and found himself being assaulted in return. Soon after, he and some boys from another youth shelter robbed a liquor store. Then, on Valentine's Day, Patrick attempted to rob a convenience store with a fake gun. "I don't know why," he says. "I guess I was feeling myself, seeing what I could get away with."

CHILDREN WHO commit heinous crimes will still go to prison. And they can be sentenced to more than the maximum juvenile term.

Patrick was apprehended by police and sent to live at a maximum for homeless kids in mobile with the law called *Itasca*, which is the name for travel and journey. At Itasca, Patrick talked about going back to school and finding a part-time job. But when he was charged for some old offences and faced the prospect of more jail time, he stole a car and tried to get away. He got caught and now resides in a B.C. penitentiary. David Staines, Itasca's program director, isn't surprised. "Patrick's previous jail experiences spoke to him, so he fled," says Staines. "If Patrick had been sentenced for his first crime under the new act and came so in right away, things might have been different."

elled with his injury as the pursued boyfriend and work in one Canadian city after another. The vocabulary took a heavy toll. Patrick lost a year of school.

Last June, his mother kicked him out of their house in Calgary, saying she couldn't take the fighting anymore. Within two weeks of moving into a youth shelter, Patrick committed his first crime, an attempted kidnapping with two kids he'd met at the centre. He spent a couple of weeks in prison. He returned home to his mother, but shortly after,

AGONY IN AFRICA

The UN is facing calls to deploy combat troops to head off an even greater slaughter

THE MILITIA FIGHTERS waiting machines and battered AK-47s at Sekou's and her family were barely out of their scene. Myriad apathetic soldiers and probably drugged, they demanded money. Sekou's told them she had none, which for a peasant farmer in northeastern Congo was likely true. It wasn't the answer the soldiers wanted and they started hacking. Now Sekou sits, her right arm bandaged from the shoulder to what remains of her hand, on a flimsy mattress in a makeshift hospital in the city of Ituri, surrounded by dozens of others with similar wounds. In a barely audible voice she says she watched the men kill her adult son and daughter. "I lost my children, I lost my home," Sekou tells Mike Mason's. "They burned down my house. I lost everybody and everything."

Such atrocities are reported daily across the Democratic Republic of Congo as war rages between rival governments, militias and gangs of armed thugs. Canned of diamonds, gold and potentially huge oil deposits in its vast, and over the past five years the violence and ensuing hunger and disease have claimed more than three million lives, making this conflict the deadliest since the Second World War. In a bid to install fear in the population and drive people from resource-rich areas, soldiers have reportedly even cauterized their victims' freshly wounded burns and lives. Sekou's Makulu, a Congolese journalist, told the UN's indigenous people's forum in New York City two weeks ago that a number of his people have been shot and cauterized. "In living memory," he said, "we have seen cruelty, massacres and genocide, but we have never seen human beings burned down as though they were game animals."

At the UN last week, the savagery of the recent clashes prompted France to take the lead on plans to send a multinational intervention force to Congo. South Africa, Nigeria, Pakistan, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands and Britain may take part. Currently, the UN's 3,800-member mission in the country is restricted to a relief and ab-

servation role, powerless to intervene in the fighting. The lack of action reminds many of April 1994, when the Security Council ordered Canadian Lt.-Gen. Roméo Dallaire to withdraw most UN forces from Rwanda, leaving militant Hutus free to slaughter Tutsis in a frenzy of ethnic hatred that left nearly one million people dead.

Following the Rwandan tragedy, Canada led diplomatic efforts as the UN had needed in the creation of a rapid-reaction force designed to head off a similar tragedy. Peter Langille, a senior research associate at the University of Victoria's Centre for Global Studies, says Ottawa's initiative was successful. But Langille says the Department of National Defence, not wanting to become entangled in UN peacekeeping, has resisted participating in the force. The world is now witnessing the beginning of another atrocious massive sale that, he believes, an armed UN force could have prevented. "If three million white people had died," said Langille, "the West would be there. There is a tragedy of racism."

The people of Congo have long been victimized by corrupt, often violent governments. In 1965, five years after Belgium granted the country independence, Mobutu Sese Seko seized power. Rich with resources, the nation, now with 56 million people, should have thrived. But Mobutu and his officials stole billions of dollars and bankrupted the country. And the slide into chaos accelerated in 1994 when almost 1.3 million Ituri natives fled into Congo to escape retribution for the genocide in Rwanda.

In 1996, Rwanda and Uganda invaded Congo to pursue the Hutus, and at the same time reported guerrilla leader Laurent Kabila. He overthrew Mobutu in 1997, naming himself president and following. But when Kabila failed to suppress the Hutus, the two warring countries turned on him, supporting opposition forces. Zaire, now Angola and Namibia, then sent troops to help Kabila, triggering a wider war that continued even

after Kabila's assassination in 2001 and his son Joseph's accession to the presidency. Foreign armies have since largely pulled out of Congo, but in a bid to control gold, diamonds and oil resources, they have left behind well-armed groups of militia in many parts of the country.

Most of the violence is now centered in the northeastern province of Ituri, where it claimed more than 300 lives last month. An army fear the area's two dominant ethnic groups, the Hutus and the Lendu, are poised for further clashes. Under Mobutu, the Hutu majority enjoyed greater political rights than the majority Lendu. When Uganda withdrew its troops from the region last month, the Lendu attempted to take control. But the Hutus militia emerged victorious in bloody fighting, and now controls Buta, Ituri's capital.

As the people of Buta wait for the next

After hundreds of people were killed, a boy returned to his burned-out home

wave of violence, many are hoping the UN will take action to disarm the combatants. "If there were an international intervention force here, it could suppress the war," says Isala Simba, a nurse, as he makes his way among patients suffering from shrapnel and bullet wounds in a Buta hospital. "Leaving things the way they are would be a crime against humanity."

Even as Simba makes his plea for help, a UN soldier personalizes his efforts outside the hospital. But in lightly armed troops are unable to intervene in the fighting. They're nervous—in a bloody act of intimidation, two officers with the UN force, one from Jordan, the other from Malawi, were recently found dead, their bodies cut into pieces. Standing a few meters away from

the soldiers are some cocky young militia fighters, armed with assault rifles and a modern laser. One of the group, a 19-year-old named Claude, denies his assault rifle is for attacking civilians. "It's to protect others," he declares, his eyes hidden behind worn-out sunglasses.

Nearly, Marie-Claude, a mother of eight, who is trying to sell a few piles of rapidly rotting tomatoes, wishes the young fighters would leave. "They all talk about peace, but they have guns," she says, pointing towards the night woods in French bulldog gear tearing toward her chase, "in their hands."

Standing outside the UN headquarters in Buta, spokesman Harmandou Touré defends the efforts of the troops, claiming their presence has so far prevented a Rwandan-style tragedy. "It's very easy to criticize," he tells *Voice of America*. "We didn't prevent some of the killings from happening but we man-

aged to avoid a larger scale of killings." Part of the problem of monitoring Touré's forces stems from the sheer number of combatants, which some analysts say could include more than 20 different groups at any one time.

The fighting, according to UN reports, provides cover for senior government officials, military leaders and crooked businessmen to make illegal fortunes by selling off Congo's natural resources. And as it has been with diamonds and gold, analysts say the prospect of finding oil in the Ituri region will fuel much fighting. "Western oil firms," says Jean-Baptiste Dhandwa of the rebel Union of Congolese Patriots. "When you look at the oil map of the region and compare it to the resource map, there really is a strong similarity." And the only way to stop the continuing slaughter, says Langille, is for armed peacekeepers to intervene. The people of Ituri can only hope they arrive quickly. ■





BACK FROM THE BRINK

Last year, Gigantes wrote about the cancer that was killing him. Now it's gone.

PHILIPPE DEANE GIGANTES faced death, and death blinked. Just over a year ago, diagnosed with terminal prostate cancer, Gigantes wrote poignantly in *Marlow's* (April 1, 2002) about how his priorities had shifted with that rude confirmation of his mortality. The Hudson, Que.-based author and former senator and prize-winning novelist said that what had come to matter most to him were his grandchildren and other wonders of life—the taste of Boston cheese and port, for instance, and “the frostbite on a flat rock behind the house and peering out, clear when the fog is not there.” And he wrote about his dislike of the prospect of

dismembering, both physically and mentally. His prognosis then: death by December. While he could, he travelled to London for the launch of his 14th book, *Power and Greed: A Short History of the World*, to Toronto and Ottawa for the Canadian launch and to see friends, go Paris to say goodbye to a favourite city that by the end of the year he had, indeed, diminished. As his strength waned and he dropped into a hospital bed, finally and friends feared the worst. Then, against all odds, he rallied in March.

The author, pre-literate, with his dogs at his house in Chebrou, Que., in the mid-1990s

As he regained his lucidity, he slowly and sensibly covered some of his physical and mental powers. Most remarkably the cancer that was supposed to kill him had vanished.

Far from celebrating his return from the brink, Gigantes is having trouble coping with himself. It was such a good thing. Now 80, he's resigned to spending the rest of his days in the Sainte-Justine veterans' hospital in Montreal. It's a far cry from the world he has lived. Greek-born, the son of a general concerned in Adriatic politics, he became an officer in the British navy, then a journalist and war correspondent, experienced and sometimes tortured for almost three

years by the North Koreans—with him along the way of links to the world of espionage. Moving to Canada in 1956, he became a university professor, assistant to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and a senator with a special interest in maintaining the integrity of the spy agency, CSES. And, always, Gigantes has been a writer. At least he can do that again, as he observes here.

LAST YEAR, I wrote in *Marlow's* about how well I had been treated in Canada, how much I had enjoyed my life, how much I had liked writing this wonderful country of men. But I also said I was afraid my behaviour at the end would shatter me. It has. For a while, I lost my mind. It simply was not there. The first time it happened, I glossed my death (from a foreign airport and didn't know where I was in London, Paris or New York). It was London, and somehow I managed to make my way home. Then I started to forget words and would sometimes speak in French when I meant to use English.

Physically I grew weaker and felt more pain, in my shoes, my ribs, my shoulders and my hips. I found it harder and harder to converse as my reading and grew frustrated that I could not sustain the strength that I could once and write. By Christmas I was having more trouble remembering things. Then suddenly I got worse. For January, February and half of March, I remember nothing. Disoriented, I fought and lost a small battle to the Commission on the Black Sea. They killed my dogs. I left out my young grandson and made them meet me, and all, all for one, that we would go to Moscow and avenge their deaths. In the real world, loving daughters found I would die.

It wasn't all bleak. I'm told that occasionally I was happy. At one time I was sitting in a cafe on the Greek island of Ogygia with a loved one. At another I was enthusiastic about a fancy dress dinner and dance I thought I was to attend that evening. And for one entire day I discussed a book I should write. I could make others laugh and I laughed myself. But the dark hallucinations would not leave me. Over the course of several days, I awoke each morning with a different consciousness. And these were the recurring dream of being back with someone on either side of my hand and having a ball of furniture fall on me. That was no hallucination—I had fallen in the



Gigantes at 35, soon after moving to Canada

street, hitting one side of my head and then the other, and crushing my ribs.

As I found myself in more desperate circumstances in my hallucinations, I apparently became more agitated. My doctors and nurses were challenged to concoct with the right combination of medications to manage my pain and put my mind at peace. It didn't always work. By the beginning of

EVERYBODY SEEMS so happy. It's a miracle," they say. But I'm not so sure. I was ready to die. I'd made my peace, said my goodbyes.

March, I was combative and aggressive with the nurses. Then everything disappeared. I saw nothing except a day perked up to the north of my left eye. I do not know how close to death that was, but that no longer function must be very close. I was taken from home to the Jewish General Hospital in Montreal where a medical caregiver, Dr. Bernard Lapointe, took me in hand. I began remembering, and to understand again where I was. I still believed that my dogs had been killed, so my daughter brought me to the hospital, my female dog, who loved me and comforted me as she was alive.

Dr. Lapointe worked this magic. He found my brain was not producing enough neurotransmitters to my medications weren't really helping me. The neurotransmitters below the Jewish General are the domain of nuclear medicine. There they submitted me to repeated MRIs, cat scans, X-rays, of the head, the chest, the abdomen, the spine, the whole body system. They tested my blood and any other fluid they could find. They scanned the scans and pored over the test results, looking for my cancer. They looked again. But I had gone—nobody knows how or why.

So I am alive, and the doctors tell me I will be for some time to come. Everybody seems so happy. "It's a miracle," they say. But I'm not so sure. I was ready to die. I'd made my peace, said my goodbyes, written my last book. Now I'm alive, much weaker than I was, wondering when the cancer might reappear, and truly terrified of losing my mind again.

Collectively, the staff at the veterans' hospital are as close to angels as humans can be. They care, truly, for the patients. I'm learning a lot about how to live. I go to physiotherapy—I've managed to walk 200 m at a time, but I'd probably need a wheelchair for the rest of my days. In physics, a fitless 90-year-old gentleman shines as with a body that looks younger than those of us younger students. So I suppose hard rubber balls for my hands, left my weight and out of my chair many times without using the support of my hands. If death snid me, it was a message.

I'm learning to look for the best in institutional food and how to manage friends to bring me Subway sandwiches. The hospital isn't exactly a social hot spot: we gathered for one communal meal, all 32 of us on my floor, and not a word was spoken among us. I've had to learn to be alone for most of the day. For a while I was depressed. My hands trembled uncontrollably and I didn't care how I would be able to write. It still wasn't interested in reading much. But once again, a medical miracle. My doctor at the hospital, François Desrosiers, has given me blue blockers and my fingers no longer shake. For the first time since Christmas I've read a book, *Open and Shut*, a beautifully written murder and courtroom novel by David Rosenfeld. I have my computer, I'm wired to the Internet and I'm editing again—my ultimate salvation. Coming close, my memory of the world of espionage. **✉**



OUTSIDE PERSPECTIVE

A Canadian pilot serving in pre-Second World War Iraq captured lasting images of a changing land

WHILE PATROLLING the desert above Iraq in the mid-1930s, wing commander Peter "Alex" Gilchrist would often hang from the open cockpit of his Royal Air Force bomber, pointing his camera at the land below. The Weyburn, Sask., native, who served with Britain's occupying forces, captured a variety of images, from the ruins of Babylon to the

city streets of Baghdad, Mosul and Erbil. Sixty years later—and several years after Gilchrist's death in 1990 at the age of 80—his daughter Carol discovered a battered old photo album, covered with dust, in the attic of her Ottawa home. The pages told a photographic tale of her father's experiences in Iraq between October 1933 and August

1937. Accompanying the well-preserved black-and-white photos was a fighting log detailing his missions in his Vickers Valentia biplane. While aware of Gilchrist's involvement in the Second World War—he was shot down once and received the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1940—his family did not know anything about his involvement in



Gilchrist distributed Iraq's tributes in the 1930s, from traditional to desert policemen and his camera to modern life (see story of Baghdad)

Iraq. "Like most war veterans, my grandfather rarely spoke of his time in battle," says David Henderson, Carol's 35-year-old son. "He was a man of immense charm, but also of immense modesty."

Henderson has no idea what type of camera his grandfather used and says there's no other proof that he further dabbled in the

art. It's likely Gilchrist—who worked as a printing and operator in Saskatoon before moving to London to join the pilot's corps in 1932 and to join the RAF three years later—used a four-by-five-inch large format camera that would have been fairly easy to swap over in the cockpit.

Turning the album's pages, it's easy to get

caught up in Gilchrist's adventures. And the beauty of the images makes it easy to forget the imperialist undertone that brought British troops to Iraq at that time. Regardless, the pictures—some on these pages—show a striking and historic landscape that's so different from the modern ruins currently flashing across our TV screens. **JOHN INTINI**



Outdoors (left) at night, top right) enjoyed Western comforts, but Old San Juan was proof of the country's ancient historic roots.

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A MEASURE OF GREATNESS

A city needs a proper house if it aspires to be an international destination

IN HER PLUTIZER Prize-winning novel *The Age of Innocence*, Edith Wharton begins with a right at the opera. This is a New York society at the height of the Gilded Age, with the old families trying desperately to resist the tidal wave of rubber-baron Wharton acts her opening scene in the small Academy of Music where the opulent families went for their dose of high culture. As a measure of itself, the performance she writes about was actually the opening night of the original Metropolitan Opera House built later that century after numerous rule marion Alva Vanderbilt had been refused a box at the Academy of Music. Her revenge was to lead her fellow millionaires in the construction of their own opera house—the Met, in 1893.

Wharton's description of the evening begins her exquisite vision of New York society. The program featured Corradini's Faust and the lead soprano was Christine Nilsson, of course, "Mamma," not "I love you," as an emblematic and unquestioned law of the musical world required during the German tenor of French opera was sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences."

Her pit is in opposite trend to them. All the happy results of opera remain. So do its problems. The building of an opera house is almost destined to first bring out the worst in a society before it brings out the best. High and low culture fight over the value of the project. It often resulted in favour of money over art, as right follows day to sell the new act of ugly social follow when the new constructed house is declared inadequate.

Thus the famous Sydney Opera House was found winning in sequence just as New York's original Met was found lacking in backstage facilities. The Paris Opera House took 13 years to build before it opened in 1875 and has not been surpassed as backstabbing machines. "For the sake of the paucity who have been owned," said De-

busoy of the magnificent Paris structure with a single take takes 150 artists together with a natural lake beneath, "let me say that it looks like a railway station, but once you're inside, you'll be more likely to mistake it for a Turkish bath."

When we opened her book in the French world because an opera house is the pulmonary pump of any great city. Whether Chicago, Milan, London, or Vienna, it is the Opera House that makes that destination truly international. Of course, building a house worth alone guarantees a location goes into the major leagues, but a city won't get a shot without one. That is as easy as to the art in its large members of baseball fans.

In April, Toronto turned the southern line proper opera house. SAHS will come and go. I've lived through and cow disease in

OPERA TODAY has become more central to Canadian culture. New Left socio-political objections to it have lessened.

Britain and I know Canada will handle the situation better. When these horrors pass, Torontonians and all Canadians will find out just how much commerce and pleasure an opera house brings.

Toronto's Four Seasons Opera House opens in 2006 with Canada's first complete performance of Wagner's four-opera Ring Cycle. At Seattle's 16-hour marathon of *The Ring* in 2000, it was belatedly difficult to get tickets and hotel rooms. I began angling in 1999 for tickets to Berlin's 2000 Ring conducted by Daniel Barenboim. We opera fans are about as dedicated a group of consumers as you can get.

But Toronto never could in the first case. The cinema are not very complicated. Toronto started becoming a city in the 1990s. Until then, while it was politically and eco-

nomically important, it was not much more than a big industrial village. It began showing up on the map as it developed lifestyle and cultural amenities together with good civic order, prosperity and a logical layout in a physically attractive setting. Disparate things combine to make up a city, ranging from the parade of its sidewalks cafes to its architecture, festivals and, most of all, its residents. When foreign artists such as conductor Andrew Davis, artistic directors Hermann Goerge-Tiedt and Lucie Maréchal chose to make Toronto their home for many years, they helped put a good housekeeping cultural seal on the city.

But an opera house was not part of Toronto's psyche through the last half of the 20th century. Opera may have been a popular art form in 19th century Europe when most opera houses were built, but even then it was considered a luxury or taste in North America. Toronto's coming-of-age in the 1950s coincided, unfortunately for many things including opera, with the New Left's egalitarian and rationalist biases. Critics of Toronto were more concerned with protesting Canadian writers by legislating against Time magazine or halting development through zoning bylaws pushed by then councillor John Sewell that placed unacceptable height restrictions on new construction. Opera wasn't Canadian. It was imported, European and probably neo-imperialist.

That stage was its course. Opera today is more central to Canadian culture than in the 1950s. Socio-political objections to it have lessened. It has begun the crossover back to popular art. Julia Roberts felt for *La Tourette* in *Prizzi's Honor*. Matt Damon for *Goodbye to Mr. Ripley*. Several excellent Canadian opera companies have been built, and Canadian opera talents such as Ben Heppner have conquered the world. All that is left is the inconvertible forces. Architect Jack Diamond's opera house looks like a jewel on the drawings with its transparent front and floating stairs. But with subscriptions for the opening season already swarming at a record high, the reduced 2,000 seats of the new house is, finally, a little smaller a tragedy. One can only hope that when built, it will be as attractive from the outside as Sydney's and as occasionally wonderful inside as La Scala. And then the poll taking for a new house can begin.

Barbara Amel's column appears bi-monthly. Email: amel@toronto.ca

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CANADIAN BUSINESS



LOONY-TUNES ON THE RIVIERA

There was no lack of weird shenanigans at the Cannes festival

THE MORNING AFTER. The last glass of champagne had been drained, the last film screened to death. And just before dawn, a thrasherstream rolled into Cannes with occasional stinging, ending 30 days of blue skies and dark films. It was as if the town was being washed clean of the festival, and you could sense the relief. By the time the 56th Cannes Film Festival was over, everyone agreed that, while the weather had never been better, the movies had never been worse. Even so, the festival was weirdly compelling. Cannes is always a zoo. And this year, with its likeable *Elphaba*, *Dayville*, *The Brown Bunny*, *Time of the Wolf*, *Purple Butterfly* (not to mention the lethal jellyfish that got loose in Japan's Bright Future) and the plaffe-bugged mouse that's bashed against a wall in Turkey's *Dance*—that was the Annual Crazies Outing of Cannes.

In the metaphors of world cinema, the recent focus in French-American relations played itself out in perverse ways. A party chaired by a French director, Pierre Chénais, scrubbed all French movies into competition, including the Palme d'Or to *Out Veni Veni's* *Elphaba*, an American HBO drama based on the Columbian High School massacre one year after Michael Moore raised the roof in Cannes with *Bowling for Columbine*. Meanwhile, Israeli singer-director Shimon Malkishvili went out after saying goodbye to George W. Bush as he accepted the jury prize for *La Fille in the Afternoon*, her poetic lament for Afghanistan.

Unmoved by the hoopla around Clint Eastwood's *Myra Bower* and Lars von Trier's *Dayville*, the jury lavished seven prizes on just four films. *Elphaba* and *Dance* were two apiece, and so did *The Barthesian* (American), Derry's Arcand's much-loved sequel to *The Decline of the American Empire*. Arcand took best screenplay, and, to everyone's surprise, Marie-Josée Croze won best actress for her role as a jester in his over-the-top *Dayville*. Nicole Kidman was the clear favorite. Of the 20 features in competition, *Leviathan*



Quebec unveiled a second crowd-pleaser, the giddy fable *La Grande séduction*

was the most warmly received. But Chénais's jury was not about to award the Palme d'Or to a crowd-pleasing comedy, even a bit sweeter one that revolves around a man dying of cancer. In fact, *Leviathan* fared remarkably well considering it was the only film in the winner's circle to employ a conventional narrative and professional actors. Arcand was sanguine about not winning the Palme d'Or. "With *Jeune et Mortelle* [1983] it was the same thing," he shrugged. "We got a big ovation, everyone expected us to win. This year I expected one of the candidate prizes." So win the Palme d'Or, he added, a movie has to be "very serious."

It's odd to see Canada, the land of Iggy and Crosby, serving up comic relief. But Quebec unveiled another crowd-pleaser at Cannes. In the Directors' Fortnight sidebar, spontaneous applause and piles of laughter peppered the closing night premiere of *La Grande séduction*, a fable about a remote fishing village that tries to lure a clerk to a love clinic in a rooming-up practice. There's something truly bizarre about sitting in the

dark on a sunny day in the south of France watching a band of Quebecois men in peasant clothes match on a windswept island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile, no critics omitted spitters such as "ignominiously lame" and "wildly unconvicted" to describe the more serious films in Cannes, another land of comedy unbridled, much of it off screen. Some highlights:

When home is right across the water, there's nothing like a knight on the town.

Sir Ian McKellen showed up at a party on the beach for *Young Adam*, which stars Ewan McGregor as a penniless scion on a Scottish barge. Looking not at all like Gandalf in a white linen jacket and silver girth shirt, Sir Ian had been down in for the night, by proxy, to, promote sales of *Emile*, a small Canadian movie screening in the Cannes market. The next day he was back en route in London, performing in *Stendhal's Dance of Death*. Carl Beaulieu, the Canadian writer-director of *Emile*, cast McKellen while the actor was in Vancouver shooting *X-Men 2*. "Carl is a sorcerer," McKellen proclaimed. "I don't even think of him as a Canadian. He's a spirit."



For her, who's openly gay, ported two into of Sicily Anton-sponsor go go boys in gold here pass gracing on the dance floor. "Aren't they wonderful? They were arranged for me. And we're staying on the same yacht. They told me that at the end of the night everyone ends up in the Jacuzzi." Later I chatted with McKellen's co-star in *Emile*, Canadian actress Deborah Kara Unger (Cathy), who was flown in from a shoot in Romania to promote the same small Canadian movie. Wearing an outfit that she'd picked up at a Bushy's Hips Boss outfit, she rolled her eyes at the absurdity of it all. Sir Ian came by to say good night, the three go go boys in tow. They were heading back to the yacht, where he had a suite on the seventh floor.

Why not use the Don Rave?

Tim Robbins, praising Clint Eastwood for shooting *Myra Bower* in Boston instead of Toronto. "I love Canada, but we're in need of going there."

We have a mouse in our living room

Gau Yin Sun, denying that *Elphaba* is anti-American and his movie was about "the elephant in the living room that no one talks about... It's too obvious anything except

Croze, with being filmed, was the surprise best actress winner for *Leviathan* (Leviathan)

the urge to comfort in a bland way, flagging the diversity that I suspect was Canada right enough."

He deserved a special prize, in *Leviathan*, for just for keeping us amused.

Without actor-director-writer-producer-camera-photographer-director Gaillo, the festival would have been a lot less fun. Critics howled in derision at Gaillo's *The Brown Bunny*—an eye-glazing road trip that ends with a graphic scene of Italian evoking him and Clint Sengry. But Gaillo gave the wildest press conference in Cannes, and not just because the most pressing question concerned the authenticity of his endorsement.

Boasting "I've never had a book in my life," Gaillo described himself as "a sexual-crinded, party person," then attempted to prove it. He had a series with a streamer of consciousness next against him to be tried to cast in Cannes, such as Kirsten Dunst, Christian Ricci and Winona Ryder. Gaillo said he had Ryder after the sleep through his morning call "with a mask and makeup on."

Two days after *The Brown Bunny*'s pre-

miere, Gaillo was crying *mouches*. "I accept what the critics say," he told a trade publication. "If no one wants to see it, they are right—it is a disaster of a film and a waste of time. But... it was never my intention to make a provocative film, a self-indulgent film, a useless film, an engaging film." How, come to think of it, that *Brown Bunny* was kinda cute.

Just when it seems we'd found the bottom, along came *Remont*. Trier's *Les Glaciers Adaptés* from his play, it's a crude ruse: three about-to-die lechemers end up on an Algerian beach and end up in solidarity. *Remont* (an older woman with attitude) After *Remont* and *La Petite Gaillo*, it's yet another competition entry about deluded folk rattling around a country house in the south of France. (The swimming pool, in this case, turns blood red.) At the end, as the audience erupted in tears, I felt a wave of nostalgia for Gaillo in Cannes premiere.

Where are the latest sounds for *Don's Stuffed Pig*?

Pig Ticks when you need them? Every night on a corner of the Croisette, a menu in white dress in a blue French colonial uniform joggled out. He always drew a good crowd.



REINVIGORATING THE SHAW

The new artistic director strives to remake the festival in difficult times

THIS YEAR global warming seemed to have relented a bit during opening week of the Shaw Festival. It was the kind of cool weather southern Ontario used to get lots of in late May, and as I drove into Niagara on the Lake, Ont., the blues were still flourishing. The town—two hours north of Toronto—may well be the prettiest in the country. After an invading American army burned it to the ground in 1813, its homes were rebuilt in the late-Georgian style, with handsome front

porches and banks of shuttered windows. Every year its beauty draws thousands from both sides of the border: many of the historic places I saw on the nearby main street were from New York and Ohio—though there didn't seem to be as many as during pre-SARS days. The bookstores, meanwhile, were the usual mix of elegance and calm. There are book-

stores and banks of shuttered windows. Every year its beauty draws thousands from both sides of the border: many of the historic places I saw on the nearby main street were from New York and Ohio—though there didn't seem to be as many as during pre-SARS days. The bookstores, meanwhile, were the usual mix of elegance and calm. There are book-

stores as pleasing as a phrase by Handel. The Shaw Festival (May 26-Nov. 30) has a new artistic director, and I was curious to see how well Jackie Maxwell was filling Christopher Newton's shoes. In his 23-year tenure as the head of Shaw, Newton transformed a small local festival into a major cultural event featuring what became, in his hands, one of the finest acting troupes in the world. It's well known that Maxwell is planning changes. But on the patcher over atop

on the place without endangering its success? The stakes are huge: The \$25-million annual festival is a mainstay of the local economy. Watching Maxwell in the era of SARS, the Iraq war, shifting exchange rates and border slowdowns (39 per cent of the Shaw's audience is from the U.S.) is a bit like witnessing someone strap on a very high wire.

Whereas English-born Newton preferred to avoid the limelight, Maxwell, 47, is gregarious. She's already proven very popular with her staff, and has the talent for making an interviewer feel she'd like nothing better than to chat. One afternoon in her office, she recalled that this spring has been rough. "When the war started, a lot of Americanists began canceling. They told us they didn't want to think about anything else right now. They just wanted to sit at home and watch the war on CNN." Then, after the war, came the SARS scare, and more cancellations. Once the first round of SARS died down, the festival tried aggressively to recruit new audiences. "We often had to go out and tell people that you could get here without going through Toronto."

Maxwell figures that long-term reservations—including a lot of "the family, single adult like groups and business"—are down by 15 per cent from last year, when the festival broke even. But she also notes that many more people than usual are buying tickets to the festival: there are currently less available—and this is keeping audience members healthy. But Maxwell was so busy during opening week that she hadn't heard the news of a second SARS outbreak in Toronto. When I told her about it, she put her hands over her face.

The festival was evolving even as we spoke. Outside her window, construction crews were busy on a new, \$27-million administrative, rehearsal and production centre initiated in the Newton era. But the most telling changes are artistic. Maxwell is opening up the old closed shop of the Shaw ensemble with fresh blood, including invited directors such as Martha Henry and Alisa Pollack, and a few new actors, including her husband, Benedict Campbell, a Stratford Festival veteran who this year moved into the family's new house in Niagara-on-the-Lake with their two daughters, 14 and 11.

At the same time, a great deal seems very much the same. The city, highly entertaining version of George Bernard Shaw's



Liane Peters plays Lina Sierakowicz in an edgy, entertaining version of *Infidelities*

1910 play, *Infidelities*, which launched the festival, could easily have been staged during Newton's tenure. Directed by the Shaw's resident journalist, Neil Munro, this production is self-conscious in a post-modern way, with the characters occasionally reading bits of the script from letters. I hated the opening scene, but was soon won over by the show's gusto, its risk of making you pay more attention than usual to Shaw's ideas. Liane Kennedy's turn as Tarkenton, the underwear magnate who would rather be a philosopher, is brilliant—all the more so when you realize he had to learn the part

IT'S WELL KNOWN that Maxwell is planning changes. But can she put her own stamp on the place without endangering its success?

in a few days, after two previous actors had to abandon it because of illness. Equally vivid is Jane Perry as Tarkenton's daughter Elyse. She turns her long speech about her satisfying rich-guy marriage into a moving, universal cry for a life of deeper meaning.

The week's second Shawian offering, *Infidelities*'s *Infans*, directed by Jeffrey Ziegler, also keeps up the festival's standards. The show stars Jim Meach, a Shaw veteran with a

transcending presence in *Infans*. Playing Satorius, an English businessman whose great wealth flows from corrupt practices, Meach anchors the cast's unrelenting performance of Shaw's first play. Though Shaw would come to write better, he never wrote more compelling of the class system—or indeed of human nature—than he did in this strange classic, with its turn of Dickensian grotesquery.

Liane Newton, Maxwell is also presenting a musical—the 1978 Tony-winning Broadway hit *On the Beach*—Century, directed by Valerie Moore and Patricia Hamilton. With book and lyrics by Barry Green and Adolph Green, and music by Cy Coleman, this tale set on a passenger ship during the glory days of rail in the 1930s is turned into a very amusing romp by its performers. On the other hand, Maxwell has definitely forged into new territory with *Black Relations*, a 1940 play by Canadian Sharon Pollock. Part of Maxwell's attempt to give a more Canadian flavor to the festival, the drama replaces the usual British (or occasionally American) whodunit, which was a popular staple under Newton. The script of *Black Relations* is problematic as a struggle, not entirely convincingly, to make a feminist hero out of Liane Borden, who's alleged to have hatched her parents to death with an axe in 1892. Under the direction of Bob Holmes, however, the actors wittingly evoke the gloomy repression of the Borden household. With the drama proving as popular as the old mysteries? The afternoon I was there, about a quarter of the seats were empty.

Maxwell describes the week's final offering, Chekhov's classic 1901 drama, *The Sisters*, as "a present to myself." Though an avowed fan of the Russian master, she has never directed his work professionally before. As Chekhov loved myself, I had looked forward to her production, but found it only partially successful. One problem is a certain rote quality in the casting: too many of the younger actors do not seem differentiated enough from each other. And the cast sometimes seem lost on Sue Lefebvre's lovely but overused set.

On the whole, the production is better at portraying happiness than Chekhov's sadder moments. But shooing Tim Binkley, one of Maxwell's imports, lends *Black Relations* a sort of wifely wife of a provincial theatre, a sort of poignant poignancy. Her lyrical performance struck a hopeful note as a festival searching for a new direction in difficult times. **B**



OUTPACING PACEY

Vancouver-born actor Joshua Jackson reinvents himself in the aftermath of *Dawson's Creek*

MOST PEOPLE who watched the final episode of *Dawson's Creek* last month had trouble controlling the waterworks—including Joshua Jackson. “We had a big viewing party,” says the 24-year-old Vancouver native, who for six years played Pacey Witter on the series. “It’s embarrassing crying in front of people you don’t know—and I don’t cry at TV shows—but that absolutely got me.” Young actors coming off a teen series, ready to move on in their careers, rarely admit to watching their own shows, let alone doing to dissect the minutiae of their characters’ lives. But Jackson is less pretentious than most actors. In fact, in person he’s a lot like the affable Pacey.

Over breakfast, he lies back on his back, looking Pacey’s way. “I was in the last two seasons—he went from deciduous to occa-

sive chef to millionaire woodbroker. But Jackson is comically pleased the series ended on such a high note. “Let’s be honest,” he says, “I’m happy cause I got this job.” While he could happily talk about *Dawson’s Creek* for hours, it turns out Jackson actually has moved on. Later this year, he’ll play a film student being studied by a movie star in the independent film *Love Her Work*. His first post-*Dawson’s* showcase is the new indie, dysfunctional-families drama *The Safety of Objects*, with an ensemble cast that includes Glenn Close and Dermot Mulroney.

Jackson has a couple of scores in which he’s onstage singing in a rock band and one where he’s consulting his older lover, played by Patricia Clarkson—but for most of the movie he’s in a coma. While that will be a huge disappointment to 15-year-olds, the

old has first adult-romance role, Jackson says. “It’s a joke, my best work is in a coma!”

unfamiliar role is a brilliant choice for this 14-year veteran of the business. Jackson, who got his break at 19 starring in *The Mighty Ducks*, has a film résumé loaded with draw-away teen flicks. “It’s a joke, my best work is in a coma,” he says. But seriously, the role gives him some credibility as an adult actor.

It also involves a trendy younger man-older woman hookup, a major theme in independent movies last year (*The Good Girl*, *Love and Amazing*, *My Good Girl*). “Much more than the relationship being about the nine-tested love between an 18-year-old and a 45-year-old,” notes Jackson, “it’s about a mid-life crisis from the woman’s perspective, which is pretty rare in film. Usually it’s the charming bastard, Porsche-driving man who’s getting the screen time.”

If Jackson seems particularly strained to women, that could be because he was raised by a single mother. In fact, he recently bought the L.A. house his family lived in before his parents split and his mom moved him and his sister back to Vancouver. “We moved out of the house because my parents got divorced,” he says. “My father turned out to be an asshole and abandoned us, he took my dog in the divorce and sold it—brutal stuff. I hadn’t been in the house since I was seven years old. So when the chance to buy it came up, it just seemed right. It was a snap decision.”

As well as being impulsive, he’s a tad mischievous. The actor spent a night in jail after he was arrested for being drunk and disorderly at an NHL game in Raleigh, N.C., last November. He went about being roughed up by police, and suggests the arrest might have had something to do with his familiar face. “There was this incident, no punches were thrown and my arse was sore about, honestly, eight or nine days. But if you read the reports of the security guards, I’m Superman, I’m Hulk Hogan, throwing punches. And I’m the only one you can go to the back of the top car. It’s was a personal moment I would say maybe I got singled out.”

This world is out to get me, says a writer in *Disability Pacey*, as is the good-natured demagogue Jackson returns to immediately after the rant. Perhaps for the last six years, he was mostly playing himself on TV. Which makes the whole moving on thing all the more difficult—and impressive. **B**

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Under the auspices of the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario, three leading health care institutions—the Baycrest Centre for Geriatric Care and Sunnybrook & Women's College Health Sciences Centre (both in Toronto) and the Ottawa Health Research Institute at the University of Ottawa—will accelerate research, stroke care and stroke recovery. The Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario Centre for Stroke Recovery will enable a faster entry of scientists and clinicians to speed research from the laboratory bench to the patient's bedside.

Stroke is the leading cause of disability in this country, often robbing survivors of the ability to walk, talk, think or live independently. The lasting effects on the health care system \$2.7 billion a year and exact an untold emotional and physical toll on both survivors and their caregivers.

"Every year 50,000 Canadians have a stroke—that's one every 10 minutes," says Dr. Antoine Hakim, senior director, Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario Centre for Stroke Recovery. With Canada's aging population, that rate is expected to increase dramatically.

There is a growing urgency, then, not only to prevent stroke, but also to maximize and, if possible, reverse its aftermath. "To do this, a team of researchers with a wide range of expertise is required—those who work in the laboratory and know about cellular aspects of brain damage and recovery, those who treat patients in the emergency department when the stroke is occurring and those who help in the long process of rehabilitation," says Andrew Scipio del Campo, president and CEO, Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario.

The choice of the three institutions is no accident and stems

Stroke is the leading cause of disability in this country, often robbing survivors of the ability to walk, talk, think or live independently.

from a close working relationship involving Dr. Hakim, Dr. Sandra Black at Sunnybrook and Dr. Donald Stuss at Baycrest. "They call us the three amigos," says Dr. Stuss.

"We realized that between our three institutions and the Heart and Stroke Foundation we had a unique combination of skills and resources, each of which complemented the others."

In Ottawa, the expertise is in molecular aspects of stroke and stroke recovery, including very promising work looking at whether stem cells from the patient's own bone marrow or brain may help repair the brain's communication networks.

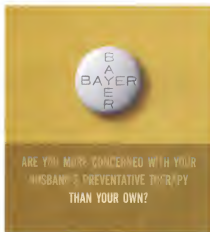
At Sunnybrook & Women's College, a regional stroke centre, the emphasis is on the acute phase of stroke and developing new imaging techniques to better define what happens in the brain during an event and using new treatments that may minimize stroke damage or help in early mental and physical recovery.

Baycrest's focus will be on the chronic aspects of stroke—its effects on cognition, mood, memory, language and physical function and the rehabilitation techniques to help reverse them.

The idea is to speed new discoveries from the laboratory to the patient's bedside and for experience with stroke patients to find basic research, says Dr. Black. "We believe there is the possibility for recovery after stroke that we didn't previously think was there. But translating that hope into reality is going to be a huge task that we hope to accomplish through this centre of excellence." ■



Dr. Hakim, Dr. Black and Dr. Stuss



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If you have a family history of heart disease, or you are having problems with your own heart, it's comforting to know there will be plenty of researchers to discover new treatments and learn more about the prevention and root causes of these diseases.

Heart and Stroke Foundation researcher Dr. Paul Armstrong, professor in the Division of Cardiology at the University of Alberta, is running a pilot program designed to train the next generation of cardiovascular researchers and avert a potential shortage in this vital group of health professionals.

Cardiovascular diseases are responsible for 37 per cent of all deaths in Canada, yet there was concern that as older researchers retired, young health professionals weren't jumping in to take their places and carry their research forward.

After three decades in the field, Dr. Armstrong realized there were more retiring cardiac researchers than there were those waiting in the wings to take up the cause. So, together with his colleague, Dr. Robert Shulman at the University of Calgary's Division of Cardiology and Cardiovascular Research Group, he launched "Tomorrow's Research Cardiovascular Health Professionals" (TORCH) program in March 2002.

TORCH is an innovative program that recruits some of Canada's most talented young cardiovascular researchers across a variety of fields in heart research and joins them up with an experienced mentor. By funding this program the Heart and Stroke Foundation's goal is to encourage more young health professionals to enter into the research field, with the hope that this will eventually lead to the discovery of groundbreaking treatments and innovative ways of preventing heart disease.

Once the researchers complete their work, their mentors will continue to offer research advice and career development counselling. "We don't intend to lose sight of these bright young people," says Dr. Armstrong.

Some of the current TORCH trainee research areas include looking at ways of increasing the longevity of tissue valves for bypass surgery patients, studying the impact of physical activity after heart attack and investigating the relationship between heart disease and asthma.



To date, the TORCH program has been an unqualified success. So much so that a number of other universities have shown substantial interest in starting up their own programs based on the TORCH model.

Thanks to donations from the Canadian public, the Heart and Stroke Foundation has supported thousands of cardiovascular researchers and research teams over the last 50 years.

The six-year, \$1.6-million grant was provided in partnership with the Heart and Stroke Foundation, the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research and the Canadian Institutes of Health Research.

Hypertension: Small vessels, big trouble

When it comes to high blood pressure, it is the small blood vessels that can cause some of the biggest problems.

Dr. Patrice Morneau, a Heart and Stroke Foundation researcher, is a pioneer in the study of naturally occurring molecules that control small arteries. He is trying to understand why these tiny parts of our body sometimes malfunction and end up causing high blood pressure and subsequent serious damage to vital organs.

Dr. Morneau, from the Université de Montréal, is investigating ways of restoring proper functioning to these small but vital blood vessels. "High pressure leads to a cascade of dramatic events," he says. "We are only now beginning to understand the mechanisms by which it damages arteries and vital organs, such as the heart, the kidneys and the brain."

The Heart and Stroke Foundation funds such research with the knowledge that it will eventually lead to new treatments for high blood pressure and a greater understanding of the root causes of the disease, often silent and always relentless enemy.

Arteries are small blood vessels which contract and help ease blood pressure—a process known as vasoconstriction. Using the small arteries as a layer of cells called the endothelium. These cells act in concert, releasing chemicals that either dilate or contract the blood vessels, depending on the demands of day-to-day activity.

When we are active, the vessels enlarge to allow more blood to be carried through to the organs and muscles. When we are at rest, their vessels contract to reduce the flow. "In people with high blood pressure, however, the endothelium malfunctions. In response to increased demands, the vessels may expand less, depriving the organs

of oxygen-rich blood and damaging some of our tissue," says Dr. Morneau.

Over time hypertension causes vessel walls to become thicker, causing an atherosclerosis in the use of the "pump" through which the blood travels.

Dr. Morneau and his colleagues have targeted chemicals released by the endothelium—nitric oxide and endothelin. These substances are necessary for normal functioning of the arteries, but in the presence of high blood pressure may become abnormal in quantity and lead to thickening and



Dr. Morneau

narrowing of the blood vessels.

If ways could be found to block the abnormal release of endothelin or its detrimental actions, perhaps with drugs, then long-term damage to the endothelium and the organs might be avoided, he says.

Work like Dr. Morneau is going to a better understanding of hypertension, a major risk factor for heart disease and stroke.

To get a personal risk assessment and blood pressure action plan, visit the Heart and Stroke Foundation's Web site at www.heartandstroke.ca.



GOOD NEWS FOR THE HEART!

You can probably eat more eggs than you think

A recent study from the Harvard School of Public Health found that healthy individuals can eat as much as an egg a day as part of a well-balanced diet. Research continues to show that foods such as eggs have little or no effect on most people's blood cholesterol levels. For more information on the many nutritional benefits of eggs, visit www.eggscanada.ca.



Eggs. So good. Anytime.



Pending approval, for 2010

Keep on smiling—you could live longer!

People who are quick to anger should learn to take a deep breath and smile. It could add years to their lives. Heart and Stroke Foundation researcher Dr. Kenneth Mochan, who has been studying the effects of personality and emotion on health for years, says there is an important, ongoing link between anger and heart disease. Learning to smile in tense situations, he says, may actually reduce the risk of heart disease as much as some dietary modifications.

"What we have been doing over the years is studying the mechanisms of how stress can be related to health in people who have difficulty regulating anger and emotion."

Anger is induced in the laboratory by asking people to write an account of the angriest episode they can recall. In a later interview this anger episode is probed and reinforced by a trained investigator while the patient's blood pressure and other physiological reactions are measured.

"When you get there in anger those people show much greater increases in blood pressure and a very exaggerated stress response compared to normal controls."

The B.C. man thinks that repeated over a lifetime, this exaggerated reaction contributes to wear and tear on the heart and blood vessels.

"There are suggestions that when you get a big burst of blood pressure like this it can damage the lining of blood vessels. As this damage is repeated, scar tissue can form and you get a buildup of plaque, leading to atherosclerosis (often referred to as 'hardening of the arteries'). Certain blood cells also become thicker with a tendency to clump, which can lead to clumping of blood platelets."

Dr. Mochan's work indicates that people with anger management difficulties may be born with a receptivity which predisposes them to have this exaggerated anger response.

Such people, he adds, need to learn how to defuse tense social situations. One thing that reduces tension is a simple smile. It need not be a big cheesy grin, he says, just a social smile will do.

By funding this research, the Heart and Stroke Foundation hopes to create a better understanding of the causes of heart disease and stroke, which may be related to psychological as well as physiological factors.

So take a deep breath and smile. Both of these actions, known to decrease tension, can drop your blood pressure, and in the long run may just extend your life. ☐

Getting couch potatoes to take action!

Flaunting on the couch is your preferred method of physical activity, you can count yourself among the 50 per cent of adult Canadians who don't get enough exercise to derive health benefits, never mind ward off heart disease.

Surprisingly, despite increased awareness about the importance of physical activity to overall health, this statistic hardly budged over the last decade. But three Heart and Stroke Foundation researchers are working to reverse this trend by tackling Canadians' lack of physical activity—one of the most causes of heart disease—head on.

Kinesiologists Keen Spink and Karen Chad, as well as Dr. Bruce Bender, Professor of Community Health and Epidemiology, are studying an innovative doctor-patient counselling program that may help more of us get active more often. This simple, cost-effective initiative takes no more than five minutes of a doctor's time during a typical annual physical checkup.

Over the past year, Spink and his colleagues recruited 30 Saskatchewan family physicians, who, in turn, counselled 250 adult patients on their level of physical activity. The doctors wrote out a "prescription" for physical activity, just as they would when prescribing medication. Both patient and physician signed this document and agreed to follow up.

The University of Saskatchewan study of this pilot program is based on U.S. research, which shows that when doctors take the time to talk about physical activity with their patients, more people become more active. In fact, research shows the majority of patients want to receive counselling on physical activity from their physician.

And that's a good thing, says Chad, because in any given year, two-thirds of Canadians visit their doctor at least once. So the family doctor is in the best position to do the most good, she adds.

Results from that study are expected in the near future. However, these Heart and Stroke Foundation researchers are confident that when paired up with community-based organizations, the doctor-patient counselling program will be an unparalleled success.

"Most cities have a network of government-run community centres and other organizations, such as YM/CAs, that can be instrumental in motivating people to become and stay active," says Spink. But, he adds, you don't have to wait for your doctor to get on board. You can talk to him or her now! ☐

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Feeling nervous, too old?



Feeling nervous, too old?

HRT alternative? All the right choices

The very flawed way turns out to be the substance for hormone replacement therapy (HRT) that many women are seeking to alleviate the all-too-frequently debilitating symptoms of menopause.

Heart and Stroke Foundation researcher Dr. Sylvia Dodis is conducting a major clinical trial of flaxseed in menopausal women.

Based on the knowledge that many of hot flashes are vasomotor and complementary therapies, Dr. Dodis decided to subject such women to the same rigorous scientific testing that pharmaceutical compounds undergo.

Flaxseed and flaxseed oil, which is unsaturated and heart healthy, contains phytoestrogen—plant-based substances that may help ward off menopausal symptoms. Rich in essential Omega-3 fatty acids, flaxseed may also turn out to protect against heart disease.

The trial looked at flaxseed's effects on menopausal symptoms such as hot flashes, night sweats, blood cholesterol levels and bone density.

The women were randomly divided into two groups. The first group ate 40 grams of flaxseed per day—20 grams baked into two slices of bread, the remainder sprinkled on foods such as salads or yogurt.

The second group ate similar amounts of another grain that contained neither Omega-3 fatty acids nor phytoestrogens. Both groups followed the diet for one year.

If flaxseed turns out to be useful in easing menopausal symptoms and reducing heart disease and stroke risk, it may provide a viable alternative to standard HRT, says Dr. Dodis, director of the Centre of Menopause Québec, at Laval University.

The Heart and Stroke Foundation is Canada's single largest source of heart disease and stroke research. For more information on women and heart disease and stroke visit www.heartandstroke.ca/women

Eating a diet that is lower in fat and includes a variety of foods is one of the best ways to stay healthy.

"Not only will a healthy eating plan reduce your heart disease and stroke risk, it will boost your energy level and make you feel better," says Heart and Stroke Foundation dietitian Carol Dombrowski.

Start by eating less saturated and trans fat, which primarily come from animal and fatty foods and many processed products like cookies, crackers and fried foods.

A healthy eating plan includes choosing lower-fat dairy products, leaner meats and limiting the amount of processed foods in your diet. Looking for the amount of saturated and trans fat on new food labels will help you make better choices.

"The fact is," says Dombrowski, "choosing a variety of foods and watching your portion sizes are key tools to use when aiming for a healthy diet."

Another important first step on the journey to a healthier diet is to eat more vegetables and fruit. Meat is an excellent source of vitamins C and A, iron, carotene, fibre, folate, potassium and



plant chemicals that help guard against heart disease. They also provide a fat-free, low-cal way of filling up without filling out.

Eating more fish is another great way to improve your diet. Salmon, mackerel, herring, trout and sardines are particularly good choices because they are all high in heart-healthy Omega-3 fatty acids.

Research shows that eating fish two to three times a week significantly lowers heart disease and stroke risk. Omega-3 fats are also found in Omega-3 eggs as well as fish, canola and soybean oils.

You also need to start roughing it! High-fibre foods, such as whole grain breads, cereals, vegetables and fruit, help protect your heart health and may also help prevent certain types of cancer.

While all this healthy eating advice sounds great, grocery stores can still seem like a minefield of confusing choices. To help consumers tell, at-a-glance, whether the groceries they're putting into the shopping cart are healthy choices, the Heart and Stroke Foundation has developed the Health Check® program.

The bright red and white Health Check® logo that appears on our 400+ and growing food products tells buyers, with one quick look, that their purchases are part of a healthy diet.

To help make grocery shopping even easier, a handy on-line shopping list featuring these items is available at www.healthcheck.org. Print it and you can whip through the store confident that you're making all the right choices for you and your family. ☐

Mrs. Dash



Every one of the 11 Mrs. Dash® Seasoning blends contain natural herbs and spices to make just about any dish mouthwatering delicious. Salt-Free and no MSG.

Roasted Red Potatoes (Serves 4)

Preheat oven to 375°F (190°C). Cut 12 small red potatoes into wedges. Combine 2 tablespoons (30mL) unsalted butter and 1 tablespoon (15mL) Mrs. Dash Original Blend in saucepan and heat until melted. Coat potato wedges with butter mixture and arrange in a single layer on baking sheet. Sprinkle evenly with 2 tablespoons (30mL) ground Parmesan cheese. Bake 30 minutes or until golden brown.

Prep Time	20 min
Cook Time	30 min
Ingredients	
Butter	2 Tbsp
Salt-free	17 mg
Fat	7 g
Potassium	1500 mg
Carbohydrates	50 g
Fiber	4 g
Protein	8 g
Cholesterol	0 mg

For full recipe visit www.mrsdash.com

Visit www.mrsdash.com

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www.healthcheck.org



www.eggs.ca

eggs.ca



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©2008 Heart and Stroke Foundation. Eggs are a nutritious food and should be eaten in moderation. Always wash your hands and eggs thoroughly before eating. For more information on heart and stroke visit www.healthcheck.org. Nutrition information (per 1 egg): Energy 70 kcal, Total Fat 5g, Total Cholesterol 170 mg.

Which would you rather have, a cholesterol test or a final exam?

For many, the first sign of heart disease is a heart attack. Did you know that one out of two adult Canadians is at risk of developing heart disease because they have high cholesterol? And that cardiovascular disease is the leading cause of death in Canada? High cholesterol is a major risk factor for heart disease but managing your cholesterol can be quite simple.

If any of these apply to you, ask your doctor about getting your cholesterol tested!

- Women 50 years or older
- Men 40 years or older
- Heart disease (angina, heart attack, coronary bypass, stroke, angiotensin)
- Diabetes
- Family history (father, brother or grandfather) of heart disease or high cholesterol
- Two or more of the following:
 - Overweight
 - Physically inactive
 - Smoker
 - High blood pressure

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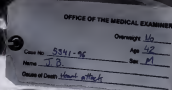
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Over to You | BY LISA V. ROBLES



EDUCATED AND ADRIFT

If you don't know why you're going to university, you'd better think again

AS A 2000 university graduate, I'd like to give a piece of advice to graduating high school students everywhere who will be learning, my day now, whether they've been accepted at the school of their choice. Please, for your sanity's sake, decide what specific career you want or you'll end up like me—confused!

I took a double major at the University of Toronto in archaeological science and environmental studies, two fields I admire. Little did I know, however, that I would acquire so much critical thinking ability that I would begin to question the fundamental ideas of those two disciplines. I no longer believe in archaeology's master-effect explanations. One name, Erich von Däniken. He's the author of the best-selling 1968 book, *Chariots of the Gods*, which made the odd, yet oft-repeated, claim that aliens helped build the pyramids. I, of course, don't believe a word of it, but the point is, he manipulates data to support his theory. Can we even, really, know how past cultures lived? As for environmental studies, I only adhere, lately, when convenient.

I did get a seasonal archaeology job after university, walking over acres of land near Peterborough, Ont., looking for arrowheads. And while those all-expenses-paid days were great while they lasted, the work wasn't what I had expected. There was no treasure to be found, no evidence of past cultures, just dirt and something, well, the survey was a construction requirement.

As for job prospects after taking environmental studies, it's either get a master's or tough it out at your local non-governmental organization. I've done the NGO thing and, call me crazy, but I like knowing I have a chance coming. If the NGO doesn't get the expected donations, you could be wasting while for your money. Don't get me wrong, I agree with the ideals of the Kyoto accord—reducing greenhouse gases, thinking globally and acting locally. But it takes money to continue living by these environmental university ideals.

So I sit here at my well-paid in the mean time job, wondering what direction I'd like my career (can I even call it that at this stage?) to take. I go to work by public transit because it's cheap and fast, not because I'm environmentally friendly. I mean, I did consider the environmental aspect. It's just that I feel like I'm returning to church because I suddenly have some free time after a long absence—that is, I do feel better, but it's really just the way it worked out.

The thing is, I don't really know what I'd like to specialize in. I thought at first that it was just what I liked to do. Then I started seeing those government ads on TV. You know the ones where the government "wants to hear from you" to help get you the job you want. In one, a young woman actually says she couldn't decide what career she wanted. I can't be alone if Ottawa thinks lacking focus is common a trend it's worth including in a TV spot.

If I had the money—and if I weren't I'd finally know what I'd be good at—I'd study everything I'm interested in. One day I want to be a photographer (photography is a

hobby), another day a singer (singer-songwriter). Other days I think I should reconsider archaeology or environmental studies. Right now, I'm in a nursing phase. I've been accepted into an RN program, but still have a loan to pay from my previous studies. I know working and studying are bad for my grades to get for paying the loan first.

Still, even in my confused state I have goals—and I attain them. I was on the environmental committee of Future Think 2000, a one-week government-funded excursion to Ottawa, where 400 young Canadians discussed youth issues in Canada. I spent the summer of 1999 working on a third language, taking French immersion at Laval University in Quebec City (I also speak Spanish). But the goal that has brought me the most pleasure is to visit different countries. It's for the end goals I'm more. Living the backpacker's life. I've made international friends, seen poverty first-hand, seen how people live outside North America. I've hiked in Mexico, sailed in Peru, mountain-climbed in Ecuador, seen the sunset at Glaciar, rode horses in Brazil, and skied in Chile (teaching English in Japan and climbing Everest are on my to-do list).

Although these were all an amazing, enriching experience, I'll never forget, now that I'm back home in T.O. I've begun to question my life's choices. I've come to realize how few possibilities, I don't think out of I take travel instead of my car, don't even mind the in-the-moment jobs, or the paperwork for loan interest relief, but this business environment is asking me. I can't help but think maybe I'm the one not getting it. Maybe life is about focusing on career, getting the Land Rover, wearing the suits, doing lunch, and not about living it up with the locals down south.

I still believe I'll discover what I'm truly meant to do when the time is right. Until then, I prefer to travel. So to those of you lucky enough not to go into university or college: take a nap and see what you discover. Those who do get it should know what specific career, not just general field of study, you want and plan your year, or you'll end up like me: mixed up and with your own personal erratic person. As for me, if this article gets published, I might just consider journalism.

Lisa V. Robles is still looking for a career. To connect with her, visit lisa456.com.





MUSIC | 77
Pornographers
on the road
The Vancouver indie supergroup heads out on tour to promote its second CD, *EMOTION* (WEA).



PEOPLE | 78
Idol worshippers come to play
One of 5,000 hopefuls, Andre Joseph, 25, slept overnight in line for the Canadian Idol auditions. He won't be in the judges' ring, but he'll sing and perform with a yellow ribbon, which means he's in with it to the second round. Then he'll be back to work.



Neighbours | Celebrating Canada—the Montana way

As that mixed ethnicity, Sally Field's, might say, "They like us, they really like us!" On Sept. 19, the border town of Havre, Mont. (population 10,000), will hold its inaugural Canadian Appreciation Day. To show there are no hard feelings over their northern neighbour's decision to start the Iraq war, residents are planning a free barbecue and a dance. And there is a parade the following day featuring mayors from southern Alberta and Saskatchewan. The festivities are the brainchild of Havre Mayor Bob Rose. He became concerned this spring about visiting Canadians who complained of rude treatment, including one who said he was denied service at a Havre gas station and another whose car was vandalized in the vicinity of Great Falls. Rose insists the hot heads are a distinct minority. "I've done a

whole lot of parties and Canadians who buy gas, Mayor Bob Rose (he lives).

FOR DETAILS
on events and
Havre, Mont.,
check the Web site
at havre.mt.ca



kind of pull around town and I think it's a case of let bygones be bygones," he says. "We've always cherished the Canadians who come down here. They help our economy." Rose estimates that, on an average summer weekend, he sees up to 200 cars with Canadian license plates pass through town. The visitors buy lunch, fill up on gas, maybe play the slot machines. But Rose says commerce is not his main concern. A retired naval officer with a fondness for Canadian beer, the mayor has spent many happy hours in Legion halls north of the border. So he was particularly saddened when a number of Canadian veterans—who were worried about confederations—failed to make their annual pilgrimages to Havre for last week's Memorial Day celebrations. "In the future, I'm hoping they'll remember the good times we've had and return," says Rose. "We consider Canadians our friends and allies."

ERIN DOUGHERTY

Listings | Fun in June

Quarting the Waters
Hypnotherapy
in Atlantic Canada
Starting June 8
Opening an World
Consciousness Day, this
event—co-located by
the Museum of the Atlantic and
the Canada's Hypnographic Society—examines the art
of hypnotizing others.
6:00pm-9:00pm
Free admission
Atlantic

North by Northwest
June 5-7
A music festival with
a film component,
N4W welcomes up
and coming bands,
as well as live solo
performers. Steve Earle
and John Lydon, AKA
Johnny Rotten, at the
Sea Ponds
www.n4w.com
10:00-12:00

Maritime Manitoba
June 15
Celebrating its 25th
year, this one-day
festival is to help
get Manitobans
back into the
outdoors with a
variety of activities
and back-to-back
in the community.
www.maritimemba.com
10:00-12:00
10:00-12:00

Runnyhead
June 15-18
The festival was
conceived as a way
to bring stand-up
comics to Calgary
audiences. As a
result, it's the first
time in the city
the event is drawing
300 performers.
www.runnyhead.com
Calgary



Music | The New Pornographers are almost famous

It's just days before the New Pornographers leave for the first leg of their North American summer tour and front man Carl Newman (voice, guitar, songwriter, keyboard, melodist, founder, and so on) is busy packing, finalizing the T-shirt designs, doing interviews and practicing "Pornographer overwaked," his guitar. Not only is this successful Vancouver indie band preparing for college-campus-type venues, but they've just been chosen to appear on the *Late Show* with David Letterman on June 17. "It's hard to process," says Newman. "But so far, so good. People seem to be buying a lot of albums."

Newman's been up there a lot of a supergroup of Vancouver's top local rock musicians—of whom he happens to be a part of the same social circle—in 1997. While he knows that the odds are against them "reploding like the White Stripes," Newman and the other band members (who also pursue individual projects) are willing to say: Letterman is a pretty good start. JIM CAMERON

As for a certain crowd, however, the New Pornographers are considered pretty famous. Their first album, *Mass Romantic*, was huge here when it came out in 2000, and their recently released second CD, *Electric Version*, is already No. 2 on Canadian and

Newman (right) leads the indie supergroup

U.S. college radio charts. The band—made up of keyboardist Blake Thorne, drummer Matt Dabke, guitarist Todd Fancey, bassist John Collins, country crooner Neko Case and non-touring "secret member" Dan Bjarne on vocals—is also set to play in Europe in November. "This is a life preserver about the whole indie-rock audience. I'm thinking they're going to abandon us," says Newman. "But so far, so good. People seem to be buying a lot of albums."

Newman's been up there a lot of a supergroup of Vancouver's top local rock musicians—of whom he happens to be a part of the same social circle—in 1997. While he knows that the odds are against them "reploding like the White Stripes," Newman and the other band members (who also pursue individual projects) are willing to say: Letterman is a pretty good start. JIM CAMERON

Diversions | Louise Arbour

The Supreme Court judge's favourite:

CBS' *TALK TO ME* (documentary). "The movie was incredible and the music is so moving and powerful. It's my current addiction." *THE ROMANOV*. "I like a lot of old films, I watch it any chance I can. Unfortunately, it's on a bit earlier in the evening, but I find myself watching it some from work to catch it."



TV | Strangers on a train

Strangers on a train is a series of short stories that acknowledge the fact that they are much older every day. Engaging other passengers in meaningful conversation is out of the question. But on their 40, a new Canadian TV show about commuter railroads, a brain-dead pharmaceutical executive, a reformed construction worker and a lesbian musician/producer can be found traveling through the lives of these four, in a way that is both hilarious and gutting about other regular train riders.

Global TV's half-hour series, which will run every weeknight starting June 2, is being described as *Indian drama*. Shows are taped in the morning, edited in the afternoon and air that night. Actors are given story outlines, but all dialogue is improvised—making the morning papers is essential. The show's creators are hoping that audience members will be able to at least a couple of the 10 multicultural passengers and will have to be sure they make their way home from work. "Canada is really



Sutton (center) prepares for a chilly ride

for a big, late afternoon, the water-cooler hit," says Krista Sutton, who plays the pharmaceutical executive.

Sutton is the most recognizable face on the show—she played Lorna Luft in the ABC miniseries, *Late with Her* (and she's *and* My Shadow, had a heartbreakingly memorable scene in the feature *My American Cousin* and has done more than her share of Canadian TV. For the past week, they've co-starred in the small-format musical theatre production *They Could Be Lovers*—a surprise hit that earned her a Davis Award nomination. Now that the play is finished, Sutton says she's going to spend some time riding real commuter trains. And she doesn't believe that no one talks to one another. "I heard that every Friday on the train from Vancouver to Greenwood, people bring wine and pizza and cheese," she notes, before adding, "Although the next part of it is that that happening on the way to Vancouver?" SHONDA BIELKE



THE YEAR'S BEST ACTRESS

Quebec's Marie-Josée Croze wows 'em, and shows us art's infinite portability

THIS YEAR'S BEST actress is cross-legged on a stool in actor Marcel's off-white photographs and reporters swivel around her. Marie-Josée Croze remains an island of calm in the middle of it all.

The company distributing *The Barbarian Invasions* (Les Éditions du Boréalis) Denis Arcand's marvelous new film, couldn't afford to keep Croze in Cannes until the festival handed out its awards on May 25. Her character, a heroin addict who helps Benny Girard's aging father die without suffering excessively, doesn't even appear until 45 minutes into the movie. "On my own, I know that it's a supporting role," she said.

So there she was, on a TV that shows set in Montreal, when a jury including Steven Soderbergh and Meg Ryan named her the festival's best actress (and also named Arcand's as its best screenplay). France, in fact, will have to wait until September before it sees its new star again. For the moment, Croze is trying to enjoy what remains of her anonymity.

For two days after she won the award, "You saw my face every five minutes on the TV," the shy 33-year-old told me. "It's fun, but it's concerning too. I wouldn't have wanted that."

The film she's in might seem an odd choice for international acclaim. A sequel to Arcand's 1986 *The Decline of the American Empire* (*La Déclin de l'empire américain*) *Barbarian Invasions* is, on its surface, a relentlessly parochial story. In the *New York Times*, critic film Mitchell called it a "melodrama on the Canadian health care bureaucracy," but in some ways, it's even more specific to today's Montreal. Its bitter critique of Quebec's overcrowded hospitals would have cut the Paris *Quotidien* even more sour if the film had opened before Arcand's election. Its secondary characters, heartless bureaucrats and union bosses, are Montreal archetypes.

In one eerie thousand-yard, a priest at the Montreal archdiocese tries to sell a waxy-

house full of religious artifacts to an art dealer. "At a very precise moment, during the year 1966 in fact, the churches suddenly emptied within a few months," he tells her. "A very strange phenomenon. Nobody could ever explain it." It is a haunting description of Quebec's Quiet Revolution. I can't imagine what a foreign audience would make of it.

But of course there is so much more going on in the film. There is a dying father's reconciliation with his family. There are his jet-setting son's awkward attempts to set matters right. There is the paradoxical dignity of Croze's junkie Nathalie—"nobody who wants nothing," the actress says, "who's detached, who's not involved in the petty games of others."

Through it all, there is Arcand's dialogue, bold and humane. Sure, he wrote a melodrama about our health-care bureaucracy just as Harper Lee wrote a melodrama about American cottonrooms and Shakespeare wrote a melodrama about the Danish monarchy. But *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Hamlet* still stand up pretty well. You can set a good

story anywhere and it remains, above all, a good story.

Croze never doubts it. "It's better worked in France I would have said. 'Ah! People aren't the same everywhere.' But now I'm reassured. Everyone has their heart in the same place."

We saw another example of the infinite portability of art in April. A panel of judges on CBC Radio chose *Proletariat* episode by Hubert Aquin (narrated by Sheila Fisher as *North (episode)*) as the best that everybody in Canada should make a point of reading this spring.

"I've gotta say, I took them up on the offer and I found Aquin's book—over 1965, with a Quebec separatist revolutionary as its conflicted hero—nearly indigestible. But I had to admit the way in which some of the CBC juries, Justin Trudeau, managed to use his swing vote."

Each of the five jurors nominated a favourite novel. Trudeau, 31 and back in engineering school after several years as a teacher, nominated Wayne Johnston's Newfoundland fable, *The Colony of Unrequited Dreams*. But when the jury whittled to five minutes down, to a choice between his pick and the Aquin book, Trudeau cheerfully abandoned *Colony* and voted for *Next Episode*.

Dense Bonaborder, the nationalist Quebec broadcaster who nominated the Aquin book, could hardly believe her own. Trudeau didn't deny he enjoyed meeting with her head. "There was a glimmer there," he told me. But he also loves Aquin's book. "Aquin is all about things that you want desperately and passionately but can't follow through on—not so much for external reasons as for your own internal reasons," he said. "I mean, it's *Hamlet*."

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